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MAGNUS JOHNSON'S sweep of Minnesota as Farmer-Labor Party candidate for United States Senator is like the roar of thunder heralding a great storm. It is a warning to both old parties that the people of the Northwest are tired of standpattism. The Democratic candidate was out of the running from the start; the Republican kept his party's leader, the President of the United States, out of the State, and disavowed its national platform on the tariff and other issues in a desperate effort to save himself. But the Farmer-Labor alliance held out. Undoubtedly the last-moment fall in the price of wheat played a part. As certainly the farmers and workers knew what they were doing. They were voting for the La Follette progressive bloc as against the two old parties. La Follette's son and half a dozen "Republican" representatives from Wisconsin stumped the State for Johnson; so did Lynn Frazier, Nonpartisan League "Republican" Senator from North Dakota; so did Montana's "Democratic" Senator, Wheeler. Magnus Johnson will swell the ranks of the progressive bloc which these men have already formed. July 16 was a great day for those who long for a real third party in America, in which country and city producers may join hands to realize a fundamental economic program.

"FRANCE Ratifies Washington Treaties"—on the front page. "French Deputies Vote Serbian Loan"—in very small type on an inside page. "Just before ending the session the Chamber of Deputies voted by a large majority a 300-million franc credit for Jugoslavia. This credit is to cover deliveries of military material made by France to Jugoslavia in the last two years." Jugoslavia is a part of the French bloc in Central Europe. One hundred million francs to Rumania for military expenditures; four hundred millions to Poland; three hundred millions to Serbia; unknown millions to Czecho-Slovakia—all to be spent on French-made munitions, and all advanced as freely as war-time loans by a Power that pleads poverty and whimpers that it cannot pay a sou on its own debts. If France wants to convince America that she is ready to help the peace of the world she will have to do more than ratify Mr. Hughes's "disarmament treaty" (which limits neither cruisers nor submarines nor airplanes nor land armies); she must stop promoting the militarization of the lesser Powers.

AN English commentator observes in the *Contemporary Review* with surprise that the French loan to Poland has provoked American opinion more than all the reports of excesses in the Ruhr. We are dulled to atrocity stories. But one detail of French militarism in the Ruhr is new, and Americans of all people should understand its peculiar cruelty. In the midst of the terrific heat wave which has been sweeping Central Europe the Chicago *Tribune* reported the protest of the German trade unions against a French military order that all windows in Essen and other Ruhr towns must be closed from 9 p. m. until 6 a. m. Probably the order was intended to prevent midnight sniping upon French soldiers; but the callousness of such an order in midsummer is striking evidence of the thoroughness with which the French have acquired the military mind.

ANOTHER tiny news item of large import was the report that Professor Georg Fuchs had been convicted of treason at Munich. Professor Fuchs had contacts with an amazing range of people in Bavaria from commanders in the Reichswehr to the police president and intimates of the Bavarian Crown Prince. To all of these people, he admitted during his trial, he exposed his plan for a *Putsch* which should overthrow the republican regime, establish a dictatorship à la Mussolini, restore the monarchy, and separate Bavaria from the German Reich. For two years he maintained intimate relations with a M. Richert, a French official in the Sarre coal mines, who was in touch with the French Foreign Office. From Richert he and his confederates—two of whom committed suicide rather than face trial—received sums amounting to a hundred million marks in times when marks were worth more than they are today. His last conference with Richert occurred in February, after the Ruhr occupation had begun, when Richert urged the strategic importance of hurrying his plans. A date was set for the Putsch; but Fuchs and the others were arrested

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before plans passed into action. The significance of the revelations is twofold; it is amazing that such plans as Fuchs's should be so much as listened to by the officials with whom he conferred; and it is striking that France subsidizes the bitterest nationalists in Germany. The men of the Blücherbund and similar "patriotic" leagues upon whom Fuchs relied hate France, though they are ready to use French gold for their own ends; in subsidizing them France subsidizes the anti-French movement in Germany to which she points when complaining of her need of "security."

THE landed interest in Great Britain has won a great victory. It has destroyed the last vestige of the famous land-tax legislation of 1910, which was not placed on the statute-book until after a long and fierce struggle, involving two general elections and the curbing of the power of the Lords. If Lloyd George had died before the war, that legislation would have been regarded as the crowning and most permanent achievement of his career. Today not a scrap of it is left. The taxes themselves, imposed on increment in value due to public enterprise, were abandoned in 1920 with the consent of their author, whose acquiescence was part of the price he had to pay for Tory support of the Coalition Government. There remained what he called the new Doomsday Book—the compulsory registration of the values of the land or property concerned whenever sales or transfers took place. This was retained in order to secure a truer assessment for death duties and to check the rapacity of sellers when land was required for public purposes. Year by year the landowners have tried to regain their freedom to place one value on land for purposes of national or local taxation and quite another value if a prospective purchaser appeared. Parliament has now decided, by a vote of 260 to 187, to abolish compulsory registration. Henceforth Great Britain will, it is said, be the only country in the world left without the data provided by such machinery as that of the repealed clause.

THERE is scant support in recent events in Italy for the predictions or assertions of the decline of Mussolini's power. His electoral reform bill went through the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 335 to 139, and after his speech in its favor he was carried in triumph on the shoulders of his adherents. The new system gives him undisputed control as long as the Fascisti can maintain themselves as the most numerous faction. That is, whatever party obtains a plurality of the votes—not necessarily a majority—will be entitled thereby to a two-thirds bloc in the Chamber. This will prevent the defeat of a plurality party by a combination of minorities against it. On top of the new electoral bill comes news also that at a recent meeting of the Grand Fascisti Council the secretary-general stated that in spite of local quarrels the enrolled membership of the organization was 1,000,000, and growing. The adoption by the Cabinet of a regulation prohibiting the publication of "false" or "biased" news promises a press censorship more drastic than ever, and thus a growing control of public opinion.

ALMOST amazing attempt to misuse the power of the courts to gag the press has been made in New Mexico. Carl C. Magee, editor of the Democratic *New Mexico State Tribune* of Albuquerque, has been attacking a group of Republican politicians. He charged misuse of State funds by a clerk of the Supreme Court. Calling the attention of two judges to the abuses he said of a third that he had "grown too accustomed to old methods to see anything wrong in what happened." For this he was tried and sentenced to eighteen months at hard labor, by a jury of Mexican-Americans not one of whom could read English. When his attorneys came to court they found that the pages on libel had been cut out of their law-books; when his chief counsel made speeches in his behalf he was cited to show cause why he should not be disbarred because he "attempted to create public sentiment"; when Magee editorially denounced his own conviction the trial judge cited him for contempt of court and, without jury trial, sentenced him to a year in jail and a $4,000 fine. The Governor has pardoned Magee but the outrageous judge who sentenced him still holds office.

REPORTS of 2,500 whipping parties in Oklahoma in a twelvemonth, of a whipping squad in one county with more than 200 names on its list for visitation in the near future, of victims afraid to report their injuries because of threats, and of local authorities who refuse to act, have led Governor Walton to put Okmulgee County under martial law and to threaten three other counties with like procedure. The acting governor of Texas, T. W. Davidson, has sent rangers into Burleson County where recent acts have been a "challenge to the very foundation of law." The climax came when Otto Lange, a quiet, home-loving farmer, protested against being ordered out of his house at nine o'clock at night by four hooded, masked men, and was thereupon shot to death, the bullet passing through his body and hitting his three-year-old baby. The mob spirit which has held northern Arkansas in its grip since the Harrison attacks upon railroad strikers a year ago broke out anew in Pocahontas when unidentified men riddled a priest's home with bullets, injuring four priests and a church official. There seems to be no one in Arkansas with the courage and wisdom to meet the situation. Senator Jacob R. Wilson, of the legislative committee which investigated the Harrison outrages, deplores the fact that in spite of plenty of evidence the committee preferred to recommend no legal action.

OVER against such pusillanimity must be set a striking example of courage and public spirit on the part of a young private citizen. On Independence Day, as the New York *World* tells the story, there had assembled at Houston, Texas, a crowd of 4,000 members of the Ku Klux Klan to hear an oration by "Emperor" William J. Simmons. The announced speaker was more than two hours late, and several Klansmen talked themselves hoarse to fill in the time. When they had finished, the master of the ceremonies asked—doubtless without the least anticipation of a response—if there was an anti-Klan speaker present who had nerve enough to come to the platform. Luther Evans, senior law student of the University of Texas, promptly accepted the challenge, and, amid angry cries of dissent, made excellent use of his opportunity. He twitted the Klan on its assumptions of a monopoly of patriotism, its professions of concern for freedom of speech, and its absurd apprehensions of Negro domination. What, he asked his hearers, were they going to do with the Negro? There were eleven million Negroes in the South. Did the Klan want to murder them all? It could not dispose of the problem by merely declaring that it was for white supremacy. "Finally," said this plucky young fellow, "your Klan speakers say that you stand for

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the chastity of womanhood, and for all high ideals. I stand for the chastity of womanhood, myself, and I practice this ideal; but there are thousands of you Klansmen who don't." No wonder that the audience was stunned for a moment by so plain-spoken an impeachment, and that its outcries then became so threatening that it was thought expedient by the master of the ceremonies that Mr. Evans should leave the platform. After all, the age of chivalry is not past.

AIR WEEK. "Air week," which began on Sunday, has already produced evidence of the wide popularity of the idea of creating an air fleet for civil and defensive ends among all sections of the population. The labor organizations are displaying special interest, entering the "Society of Friends of the Air Fleet" in large numbers. The workers in many undertakings are collecting a percentage of their wage in aid of the air fleet during the week, and are collecting subscriptions for their own machines. . . . Great interest is also taken in civil aviation, which has developed considerably of late. It is hoped to use this not only for passenger and postal communication but also for economic purposes, particularly in agriculture. . . .

THREE guesses, gentle reader, as to the whereabouts of this "air week." It reads like typical booster stuff of the American Legion or Navy League, and you might guess that it emanated from Des Moines, Iowa, Galveston, Texas, or Los Angeles, California. All wrong. It is dated Moscow, June 26, and is sent out by the semi-official Russian Telegraph Agency (Rosta). The language of militarism is the same the world over, and the methods of the propagandists are as tawdry and corrupting between the White Sea and the Caspian as between the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes.

PRESIDENT HARDING has sold his control of the stock of the Marion *Star*. That is not surprising. The curious part of the sale is that the same interests which have bought the Republican *Star* have also purchased the *Star's* Democratic rival, the Marion *Tribune*, and will continue to publish both papers. More than that, Messrs. Brush and Moore, the purchasers, already own a Democratic and a Republican newspaper in East Liverpool, Ohio. Newspaper publishing to them—as to Mr. Harding apparently—is a business and it is nothing more. (Mr. Harding is to continue "editorial association" with the *Star*.) They are apparently good Democrats and good Republicans, realizing and accepting the utter lack of principle in American journalism and of real difference between Republican Tweedledum and Democratic Tweedledee.

THE University of Delaware is not our largest or best-known educational institution, but it has inaugurated an experiment which may give it fame as the pioneer of a most important movement. It has permitted eight students to go abroad for a year with a member of the modern-language staff of the university. They will study in French universities, the time to be credited as their junior year in college. The scheme provides what American students so much need, the chance to study modern languages and acquire an international outlook while retaining their connection with, and maintaining their standing in, a college in the United States. Our only misgiving is that, if acquiring a foreign language is the chief end, the period of residence ought to be two years instead of one. But this is a detail subject to modification. Our hope is that the idea will spread to other colleges and become a general and accepted part of American educational technique.

YOU can always tell a New Yorker, some say, wherever you meet him. That is not so. Nicholas Murray Butler has been mistaken for a Southerner. During his present lecturing tour in England he has been announced as president of Columbia University, an institution not commonly regarded in this country as hiding its light under a bushel. In one of his addresses Dr. Butler made some remarks about prohibition which evoked a protesting letter to one of the English weeklies from Mrs. Milne, the national president of the British Women's Temperance Association. She says they are out of harmony with the opinion of the vast majority of the people of Dr. Butler's city and State, and she ought to know, she suggests, because she stayed for three weeks last autumn in Dr. Butler's city, Columbia. There was an election in South Carolina at the time of her visit, and the results showed that his views on the subject are not representative. What would Mrs. Milne have said if President Lowell or President Angell had spoken on prohibition? The Century Atlas gives seven Harvards in the United States and thirteen Yales.

IN the conviction that a "refusal to consider necessary reforms will not perpetuate outgrown conditions" in American life but "will only tend to make the changes violent and catastrophic," and believing that the ideal of democracy must be "something more than a tradition, a prejudice, or a slogan—it must conceptualize the vague but real longing of the mass of men for a type of social life in which the wants and needs of men are recognized and provided for"—ten editors have launched upon the journalistic seas a new bimonthly, the *American Review*. That the major part of the editorial board is drawn from universities, cities, and small towns of the Middle West promises a unique point of view in the field of magazines and journals of opinion. The *American Review* avowedly seeks to clarify opinion, not immediately to crystallize it. In the first issues the editors have already presented from the pens of authoritative persons a provocative gamut of subjects—war and peace in the industrial world; the social problem of labor education; international relations today; religion as a cooperative quest for the good life. They have chosen to review the more stimulating of recent books and they have not neglected the arts. *The Nation* cordially welcomes the *American Review*, and is glad of an added force at work to arouse Americans to a consideration of themselves, their times, and their habits.

WE had thought that the craze for marathons had subsided until we noted a news item from Chicago describing a contest there in long-distance whiskers. As the crowning event of its convention, the International Association of Specialty Salesmen sought to produce the man with the longest beard in the country. One was discovered in Elko, Nevada, with whiskers eleven feet, seven inches, but he was out of the running when Hans W. Langseth, seventy-seven years old, of Barney, North Dakota, walked into the convention. Besides the whiskers which Langseth wore, he carried a bag which he opened—and out tumbled what the news item describes as a "hirsute Niagara." "I haven't seen 'em myself for a year," observed the patriarch. "They were seventeen feet when I looked at them last." Langseth was awarded the championship, and hereafter, no doubt, will swear not by the beard of the Prophet, but by the profit of the beard.

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Whither France? Whither Germany?

PREMIER STANLEY BALDWIN'S clear statement of the European situation is startling for its frank gloom. Statesmen in office seldom speak so frankly. Readers of this paper might almost imagine, when reading his words in the House of Commons, that they were reading extracts from editorials which have appeared in *The Nation* in the past three years. "Germany herself appears to be going fast toward economic chaos, which may itself be succeeded by social and industrial ruin." "It is not too much to say that the recovery of the world is in danger." "The Allies are obtaining less reparations than they did before the occupation." "We and our Allies will be the main sufferers. And we are firmly convinced that methods which can only result in the ruin of Germany will be fatal to this country, to our Allies, and to the whole of Europe."

It is progress when the Conservative Prime Minister of England, known for his Gallic sympathies, speaks thus. But we wish he or his predecessor had done so long ago. It has taken more than six months to force the British Government out of an almost benevolent neutrality into this avowed pessimism. In those months unemployment has grown in England, the French franc has fallen, and in Germany the results which Mr. Baldwin now predicts have already occurred. The time to predict them has passed. Germany *is* in economic chaos today. Social and industrial ruin *are* following. The mark has dropped, since the poilus entered the Ruhr, from one-tenth to four ten-thousandths of a cent. The sober basis of national economic life in Germany has gone. Only a few bloodsucking speculators, many of them allied with French industrialists, have profited by the chaos which France has wrought, and these swollen captains of industry have won the real power. The government is bankrupt; how could a government be otherwise when its tax schedules are made out in advance, and it may have to spend fifty times as many marks as was anticipated?

The German note of June 7 accepted unreservedly the Hughes proposition to leave the amount and manner of German payments to an impartial neutral commission. It required a stout struggle between opposing forces in Germany to get that far. But the Allies have not even replied. Now, six weeks later, Mr. Baldwin comes reluctantly to the point of threatening a separate reply unless his Allies will cooperate in drafting one together. His argument is irrefutable; the only difficulty is that it was as true and might have been said more effectively six months ago.

M. Poincaré replied emotionally in a speech made at the unveiling of a war memorial at Senlis. It was the old demand for the pound of flesh, a reiteration of the demand that Germany abandon passive resistance before France will talk business (a curious recognition of the power of pacifism), and a point-blank refusal of the expert commission. In other words, France will go her own road regardless of British fears that it may mean the ruin of Germany and of Europe.

It seems unlikely that further British negotiations will much change M. Poincaré. But other factors may be more potent. There is the internal situation in France. There is, of course, no hope of a liberal overturn in the present French Chamber; that body, elected four years ago in an ecstasy of flag-waving, is an irremediably jingo body. But the national-bloc candidates, boasting of their support of Poincaré, have been decisively defeated in two recent by-elections to the Chamber, and the protest vote has shown itself in some fifty local contests in which André Marty, leader of the mutiny in the Black Sea fleet in 1919, has been elected to various minor local offices upon a Communist ticket. These elections are regularly annulled by the Government, which keeps Marty in prison, but they have their significance. The next general election is still nine months away, but deputies who hope to be reelected are already trimming their sails and they might be ready to follow Poincaré or such a man as Louis Loucheur in a saner liquidation of the Ruhr policy. What hope is there of that?

To understand the real hope of such a solution we must look beneath the political symptoms which absorb the attention of our newspaper correspondents to the titanic industrial struggle which is determining the fate of France and Germany. In each country two great groups of industrialists are battling for control. Within the French steel trust there has been a break. The meaning of such breaks is not aired in the press, but apparently the replacement of M. Schneider as president of the Comité des Forges by M. de Wendel, whose brother is a naturalized German, means a victory for forces which are ready to form an industrial partnership with Stinnes and the German magnates. Without Ruhr coke the Lorraine blast furnaces cannot operate. De Wendel seems willing to come to terms, and Stinnes, whose patriotism is hardly skin-deep, is reported ready to give French interests a 40 per cent partnership. Schneider apparently believes that France, by holding out and destroying German industry, can win all. Within Germany Stinnes is opposed by a group, strongest in the electrical and finishing industries, which is readier for a genuine reparations settlement based upon an international loan. For such an international loan these industrialists would be willing to pledge their industries as a guaranty. Not so Stinnes—unless, perhaps, he could win the German railways from the government in exchange. For him the fall of the mark is unimportant—he sells raw materials abroad; to the finishing group, which has to buy its raw materials in foreign exchange, the stabilization of the mark is all-important.

M. Poincaré may speak a different language when he gets away from politics and war memorials. What his answer will be is likely to hinge largely upon the industrial struggle to which we have referred. A new, more moderate tone which has slipped into the semi-official editorials of the Paris *Temps* is explained by the *Manchester Guardian* as due to the appearance in that office of M. Robert Pinot, agent of the de Wendel faction in the French steel trust. We can only hope that this underground diplomacy of industry will move more rapidly than the British Government. For there is no longer any good solution of the Ruhr business possible; the only hope is that there will be some solution soon. General Allen, former commander of the American troops on the Rhine, declares flatly that the situation is "Black. There is not a ray of rose-color in the whole outlook." It will take, at the best, far more than six months to get back where Europe was six months ago when M. Poincaré made his ghastly decision to order his troops to march. There is no reason for nations which have sat by and watched to be proud of a record of indiscriminate impartiality.

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British Labor Surveys Its Task

IT was in cheerful mood that the British Labor Party met for its annual conference. True, there was reported a drop in membership of 700,000 from last year and over a million from 1920—due to the decline in trade-union membership—with a corresponding reduction in income, but such losses were almost forgotten in the face of the party's gains in political strength and influence. Its successes at the general election have made it no longer a third party but a second, and its parliamentary chief now holds the semi-official rank of Leader of His Majesty's Opposition. Moreover, as Sidney Webb pointed out in his address from the chair, the by-elections since November have still further improved its position, and a continuance of the rising curve of Labor votes since 1910 would place the party in the lead somewhere about 1926. Mr. Webb, indeed, would have been justified in adopting Gladstone's famous boast: "The flowing tide is with us."

This conspicuous advance in public favor has not turned the heads of the Labor leaders. They recognize, without any self-deception, the magnitude of the task still before them. As Lord Rosebery once warned his followers that Ireland would not get Home Rule until "the predominant partner" had been converted, so Sidney Webb today reminds his party that, before it can be called upon to form a government, the bulk of the electors must be convinced of its capacity to undertake the responsibilities of office. At present, the weakness of Labor is in the rural constituencies, where its candidates have hitherto been nothing like so fortunate as in the industrial centers. The conference accordingly decided to inaugurate a special election fund for a campaign in country districts and to prepare a definite agricultural policy that would appeal to the farm laborer.

Nothing could have been better devised to reassure the timid middle-class voter than Sidney Webb's presidential address. Sane and temperate, it emphasized "the inevitability of gradualness" in the attainment of the ends to which the party was devoted, and disclaimed—indeed, almost ridiculed—the idea that the party, when it came into power, would want to do everything at once. It was aiming, he said, at no violent or revolutionary overturn, but at "the translation of socialism into practicable projects, to be adopted one after another." Mr. Webb laid great stress, too, on the impossibility of achieving much unless what they did was done in the right spirit. "We must always remember," he insisted in his closing passage, "that the founder of British socialism was not Karl Marx but Robert Owen, and that Robert Owen preached not 'class war' but the ancient doctrine of human brotherhood—the hope, the faith, the living fact of human fellowship." The conference gave a practical indorsement of its chairman's disavowal of extreme courses when it rejected by an overwhelming majority—the figures were 2,880,000 to 366,000 on a "card vote"—an application for affiliation from the Communist Party.

The attitude of the conference on foreign affairs was such as might have been expected from at any rate the post-war record of the party. It welcomed the amalgamation of the Second International and the Vienna Union of Socialist Parties into one International; it characterized the Ruhr occupation as an act of aggression and war, and called for negotiations or arbitration; it urged the calling of a world conference to revise the peace treaties—Mr. Webb declared that Paris, in 1919, was "a factory of international inefficiency on a calamitous scale" and that the treaties failed because they ignored economics on the one hand and morality on the other—and it advocated full recognition of the Soviet Government. It further resolved to request the British Government to take the initiative in making a proposal for immediate universal disarmament, to be laid before an international conference on that subject, but rejected a suggestion that the Labor Party in Parliament should vote against all military and naval appropriations.

There was nothing novel in the domestic program adopted. The plan of redeeming a substantial proportion of the national debt by means of a capital levy—which expedient, by the way, the Prime Minister was almost simultaneously describing to a Conservative audience as not robbery but " a perfectly legitimate form of taxation" —was reaffirmed. A resolution on unemployment emphasized that it was due mainly to foreign policy. The present Government was condemned for its inadequate housing schemes and its crippling of national education. The moderate and practical temper of the conference was shown not less clearly by what it turned down than by what it accepted. It negatived, for instance, as involving a breach of contract, a proposal that the burden of the war debt should be diminished by reducing the rate of interest on war loans, and it shelved, by means of "the previous question," an attempt to commit it to a declaration of republicanism. J. Ramsay Macdonald succeeds Sidney Webb as chairman of the national executive of the party, and during the next twelve months will combine that office with the leadership in Parliament. His election is a guaranty that the blend of idealism and common sense that was so notable a feature of his predecessor's address will continue to guide the British Labor movement.

Man and Folk

THE intellectuals are not loved in any country. The intellectuals do not love themselves. They are martyrs; they are martyrs to what they themselves have created. Yet they have created it for the good of mankind. Things of use and wisdom are their products. By their efforts man cleaves the air and conquers disease and sees his span of life lengthened and sees order and beauty where chaos prevailed. The creators of these benefits are left isolated, jeered at, outcast, often a weariness to themselves.

For the intellectual remains a man. He has all the biological, all the atavistic urges. He wants the comfort of being at one with his folk, of acting, at times at least, out of folk-instinct, communal passion, of being leader rather than rebel and martyr. It does not, except by an inverted psychical process, really please him to outrage the Philistines, bait the Babbitts, bully the "booberie." How he would like the comforts of neighborliness of the spirit, to drop the wretched veiled condescension forced upon him by his own character in all intercourse but that with his fellows; how, at moments, he needs, in this fundamental and ancient sense, the simple life!

He envies the men of other ages. The subtlest schoolman, the greatest prelate of the Middle Ages did but more

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thoroughly and completely understand what the clown at his gate and the hind in his fields believed without understanding. Schoolman and cobbler held the same views both physical and metaphysical. They could converse upon a common basis. No gulf of misunderstanding separated them. They could be neighbors and friends.

The twentieth-century intellectual is cut off from communication with his folk. The people still have myth; he has none. The myth may be merely some shabby absolute in questions of conduct and government. It sunders the believer hopelessly from the confirmed relativist. No common ground is left, not common ground enough even for disagreement. When the myths become thick and hot there is no possibility of speech. What will you say to a man who believes in hell, or that the Pope of Rome wants to run this country, or that the Jews caused the war, or that Darwinism is a devilish device to undo the pure in heart, or that the authority of the majority should be absolute, or that want of flat conformity should be penalized by expulsion from the state? How would you argue with a Methodist minister from an Arkansas village, with a Kleagle of the Klan, with a "this-is-a-white-man's-country" politician from central Georgia? Nor is this all. Can you contend with a billionaire industrialist who thinks, and avows his thought, that "history is bunk"?

No common speech is left, no common ground. The scientific and philosophical discoveries of the past hundred and fifty years with their accompanying perceptions have caused men who exist simultaneously to live in different ages, ages that have little power of communicating with each other. They have robbed the intellectual of folk, country, tribe, home. When ultimate decisions come he has, in self-defense, to act with his people, even to try to act through them. He cannot be left dangling in the void. But he can never be whole-hearted, never whole-heartedly at one with the mass. He has infinite mental reservations—he is, indeed, a creature of mental reservations—and must first build up a philosophy which will permit him to act with his fellow-men without wholly destroying the honor of his mind.

He is a democrat and fears the power of the democracy, a libertarian who knows that when the people speak of liberty they mean liberty to do the conventional will of any majority, in village, county, State, where the test happens to be applied. He is a humanitarian and knows that they who echo his words will always make exceptions that destroy his notion—unbelievers, public enemies, those guilty of sedition. He is passionately loyal to truth. But he cannot display that passion. Heresy-trials are conducted on ostensibly the same principle. He employs all words in special senses, lives in the flowing and creative world whose very existence is hotly denied by every word and act of his fellow-citizens, and finds his final refuge in silence or mild irony.

All the while he suffers, unless he has a divine Miltonic arrogance or a Goethean serenity, from malaise and homelessness. That explains his occasional romantic yearning for Periclean Athens, for medieval Rome. His golden age is either a past or a Utopia of oneness, union between himself and others, outer harmony and so inner peace. He wavers, in proportion to his vitality, between Novalis and Wells. He is always escaping into past or future. He is pitiable and magnificent, destined to creativeness and gloom, to service and to isolation.

Hall Caine Up to Date

THE great Roman Revolution of 1900 was led, readers of Hall Caine will recall, by David Rossi, son of a marriage contracted—in his non-clerical youth—by a saintly pope and a woman of the people. The disturbances grew, as is always the case, out of bread-hunger and desperate suffering, but the militarism and brutality and corruption of the Italian Government and the class-consciousness of the city proletariat combined to bring them to their victorious conclusion. The amazing feature of the whole uprising was its peaceable character; the people took over power quietly and soberly. Except for a few clashes instigated by the military, the republic was declared and the new government formed without any of the horrors that have so frequently marred revolutionary achievements. And this, as we recall, was due entirely to the almost religious pacifism of David Rossi. He was one of those rare spirits who combine revolutionary fervor with fairness and gentleness.

It is possible that some of our readers have forgotten that revolution—and not unnaturally, since so many more noisy ones have intervened—led by a saint who sought to establish the principles of the Lord's Prayer. But if they have they should refresh their memory by turning to the story of those great days written by Hall Caine—now Sir Hall Caine—under the name "The Eternal City." They should read this story and read it fast—for "The Eternal City" is about to be filmed.

An old account of an old revolution obviously must be brought up to date for the screen and a popular moral attached to it. And so, according to the London *Daily Herald*, "The Eternal City" is now undergoing alterations at the hands of Miss Ouida Bergère, "the famous American film scenario writer." Sir Hall Caine need apparently have no concern lest Mr. Hall Caine's revolution be allowed to look like an old 1900 model. "This wonderful work of his," Miss Bergère explained to the *Herald* reporter, "is to be used in combating socialism."

"How?" inquired the reporter. She elucidated:

> By the very simple process of turning the hero from a Socialist into a Fascist!
>
> Besides, you see, the Italian Government is going to be very helpful in giving permission for the taking of "shots" of historical buildings and in generally helping the production of the film.
>
> And so in return Sir Hall Caine has agreed that his Socialist shall be converted into "something like Mussolini."

And after the scenario writer has successfully turned David Rossi, pacifist and democrat, into a Fascist dictator, and the people's uprising into a military coup, she can doubtless improve the rest of the book. That part needs revision, for instance, in which the American Ambassador says to the Prime Minister:

> In my country, your Excellency, we don't look upon popular demonstrations as an insult to the powers of the State. . . . We regard them as you regard the hieroglyphs on your obelisks, as so many writings on the wall, and we set ourselves to decipher them.

Miss Bergère is guaranteed to be a famous writer of scenarios and so we have no doubt that she will be able to substitute blood and castor oil for the Lord's Prayer, and some of the more recent sentiments of Mr. Daugherty, perhaps, for the dangerous suggestions of Mr. Hall Caine's out-of-date American Ambassador.

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Company Unions or National Unions?—A Debate

The Pennsylvania's War on Labor

By PAUL BLANSHARD

ON May 28 President Samuel Rea arose before the United States Railroad Labor Board, removed his cigar, and announced that company unions had come to stay on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The announcement was a defiance of the Labor Board and indirectly of the United States Supreme Court. No Attorney General, however, rushed to get out an injunction. Unlike the railroad strikers last fall, the Pennsylvania occupies an impregnable position; after more than two years of bitter fighting the owners have attained the ideal of General Atterbury, "committees of employees whose orders come from the bottom, from the men at work on this railroad, and are not handed down from the top by some people we know nothing about."

The story of those two years is one of the most significant chapters in the record of the open-shop movement. In the spring of 1921 the Railroad Labor Board terminated the national agreement under which organized labor on the railroads had built up an effective system of collective bargaining. The board ordered the railroads and the employees to open direct negotiations for new agreements. The Pennsylvania refused to open negotiations with System Federation No. 90 of the American Federation of Labor, which had hitherto represented its shop-craft employees, and held an election in June, 1921, in which the name of the System Federation was not printed on the ballots. The company insisted that the shop-craft workers should vote for individuals only. It maintained that as long as the employees were able to choose any union or non-union worker the election was valid.

By an overwhelming majority the shop-craft workers refused to indorse the company-union plan and demanded that the name of System Federation No. 90 be printed on the ballot. The Railroad Labor Board sustained the union's demand, but was prevented from publishing an official condemnation by an injunction secured by the company. That injunction was finally vacated by the United States Supreme Court, but like most injunctions it had already done its damage. The condemnation of the Labor Board is now too late to be effective. The unions, facing annihilation, called a shop-craft strike on the Pennsylvania on the issue of company unionism *versus* labor unionism. The fight was bitter, the union claiming that more than half of the workers were out at the peak of the strike, the company claiming that only one-third left their places. The strike has cost the company millions of dollars and the fight is not entirely over yet, since thousands of skilled mechanics are still on strike.

The methods adopted by the Pennsylvania in making effective its plan of employee representation show the power of a corporation in time of depression. The "rump" election of 1921 was held in the middle of a period of unemployment when thousands of active union men were on furlough. Ballots were distributed to the workers and they were told to vote for any employee as an individual. Only about 10 per cent voted the company ballot, and of these many cast their ballots for union leaders who refused to accept the election. The signed report of tellers in the Northwestern Region is illuminating, especially since the result is more favorable to the company than the outcome in other regions. About 19 per cent of those eligible to vote cast legal ballots, electing 115 representatives, among whom were fourteen foremen and an assistant foreman who had not been allowed to represent the union. Twenty-six of those elected refused to serve, leaving seventy-four bona fide workers and fifteen supervisory officers. Several of these were elected by one vote, presumably their own. Meanwhile System Federation No. 90 took a vote of all active employees on the whole system, including those on furlough, with the result that 37,238 voted for the union and seven against. The total vote on the company union ballot had been 3,480 cast for individuals.

The company was not embarrassed by the results. It proceeded to "bargain" with "its employees." It prepared the terms of a new wage and working agreement for submission to the rump organization. Those committeemen who accepted their election were sent among the workers with little slips of paper which read: "This is to certify that I am willing to serve as a committeeman to represent the machinists on this division for the unexpired term," etc. Thus the vacancies were filled supposedly by the committeemen who had received a 10 per cent vote of confidence but, according to the affidavits of union men, by the solicitation of foremen and other company officials.

The company then summoned conferences of these employee representatives, whose expenses and salary were paid by the management while they solemnly discussed and adopted the terms of a new agreement altering the conditions of employment in the Pennsylvania shops, reclassifying certain operations, and, incidentally, bringing millions of dollars into the coffers of the company. In the Southwestern Region they summoned to St. Louis a divisional committee from Columbus, Ohio, which was not authorized to negotiate a wage agreement even for its own division. When the company attempted to impose upon this committee the terms of a regional agreement, the committee withdrew in a body and issued a statement exposing the company. Even this did not embarrass the Pennsylvania; the new rules for the region were issued over the name of the general manager and there was no one to dispute them.

With its employee representatives chosen by 10 per cent of the workers, the Pennsylvania then agreed upon a definite plan of employee representation, a plan which is admirably democratic in details and totally farcical in meeting general problems. All workers are allowed to vote for any employee of their choice. They can elect a solid union committee if they wish. There are committees for crafts and divisions and regions, all elaborate and perfectly constructed. But the plan has three obvious jokers:

1. Even if 100 per cent of the workers belong to a union, they cannot vote for that union to represent them and they cannot bring the research experts and officers of that union in to help them bargain with the trained executives of the company.

2. The Joint Reviewing Committee, which is described by the railroad in its official pamphlet as "the highest authority on the railroad in the settlement of matters in dispute between employees and management" and which is composed of an equal number of employee voters and company voters, requires a two-thirds vote to reach a decision. The workers

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must win over to their side one-third of the managers before they can change the interpretations and rules of the company. The railroad officials can deadlock the reviewing committee at any time that they see fit.

3. There is no real provision of arbitration of vital issues. The Joint Reviewing Committee nominally has the right to refer deadlocked cases to arbitration, but the company can block the choice of any impartial arbiters under the two-thirds rule or it can "sit tight" and declare that there is nothing to arbitrate.

When the Pennsylvania had adopted its new rules and regulations in conference with its employee representatives, it became necessary to win over the workers to the scheme. Coercion was liberally employed. Furloughed men were called back and compelled to sign the new regulations or face discharge. At least fifteen leading union officials who were serving the System Federation while on furlough were summoned back to work and discharged when they refused to quit their union posts. Employees who were elected under the company's plan and who refused to accept the new agreement were frozen out. The stenographic record of the secret (?) meeting of the Central Regional Committee on December 8, 1922, in Pittsburgh shows that the chairman, H. E. Custar, called upon the divisional chairman from Buffalo to withdraw from the session because he had not signed the new company agreement. The Buffalo chairman withdrew.

The workers in the Pitcairn shops "voted" for the new piecework schedules as follows: Foremen distributed ballots in the form of petitions asking the management to adopt piecework, the signature of each worker being asked. The workers repeatedly voted by a great majority against the piecework plan. The management promptly posted notices abolishing the jobs of many of the skilled mechanics and creating "helpers'" positions in their places. Then the men were told that they might continue as mechanics under the piecework system or as helpers; otherwise their positions were abolished. They voted for piecework.

The controversy came to a head in the railroad strike. After the strike had dwindled the task of the company was easy. The workers who returned to work were naturally compelled to accept the company plan. Many of them were strike-breakers; some were good union men starved out. Many of those who now accept the plan and try to work out their salvation through it are sincere advocates of employee representation as the best thing under the circumstances. Recently a general election has been conducted in the Central Region in which the leaders of the company union claim a vote of 82 per cent of shop-craft workers eligible to vote. That is a victory for the Pennsylvania, a victory which has cost the road many millions, a victory in which the workers had to choose between company unions and nothing.

The railroad has stressed the "outside agitator" as a cause of disturbance and has sought to eliminate him from the system. It has held that there is a distinct virtue in dealing with men on the pay roll of the company and no others. The result has been peculiar. N. P. Good, the able head of System Federation No. 90 of the A. F. of L., is a machinist from the Pennsylvania shops. H. E. Custar, head of the employees' organization in the Central Region, is a car man from the Pennsylvania shops. Both have offices in Pittsburgh. Both work full time for their respective organizations. It is not likely that either one will work in a Pennsylvania machine shop again for years. But Good is an "outsider"; Custar is an employee. Why? Good is paid by union dues and is responsible to the labor movement; Custar is on the company's pay roll. His salary and expenses are paid by the company.

The company supports thirty-five committeemen as active propagandists for the employee-representation plan. There is no equivocation about it. The chairman of the Central Region told his committee at a meeting held last winter: "You are given a six weeks' leave of absence if you so desire to use that time to help convince the men at home that this body has acted in the best way they saw possible." The men accepted the invitation at full pay and overtime. Inside agitators!

The fight on the Pennsylvania verifies the beliefs of the orthodox union-shop advocate. Union leaders have always held that the outside organizer is a necessity in making collective bargaining effective, especially in shops which are not 100 per cent union. The worker in the shop is usually too tired and too ill-informed and too subservient to bargain with power and knowledge. His treatment in the shop usually depends on his being nice to the boss. The outside union official is better informed and more independent. He has many faults but these are his virtues. He may be dispensed with in some situations in which the union is so strong that its representatives act as a unit without guidance, but these situations are rare. The transportation brotherhoods who deal with the Pennsylvania without the presence of national organizers are virtually 100 per cent organizations with years of tradition and discipline behind them. The shop-craft unions have never been so intrenched; they developed largely under the protection of Federal control and never claimed more than 85 per cent of the workers on the Pennsylvania. For them the company union with its exclusion of national officials and its special favors to non-union workers means annihilation.

The Railroad's Reply

By SAMUEL REA

THE difference between the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the United States Railroad Labor Board is a fundamental difference in their respective points of view which goes to the very essence of successful relationship between men and management.

Apparently the Labor Board considers itself to be the arbiter of rules for carrying on what it conceives to be a perpetual struggle between a railroad and its employees. The purpose of the management, on the other hand, is not to struggle against or to triumph over its employees, but to gain their loyalty and cooperation by a policy of fair dealing, mutual consultation, and just compensation.

In like manner there seems to be a fundamental difference in the point of view of Mr. Blanshard and that of the vast majority of the Pennsylvania employees, which may be expressed as follows: The management and the employees have the same stake in the Pennsylvania Railroad. Their interests are mutual. Their success and prosperity depend upon the success and prosperity of the railroad in its service to the public. The other view seems to be to create hostility between management and men, to stigmatize the so-called "company man," to make men feel that only by industrial warfare can they obtain fair play.

Neither the company nor its employees subscribe to such a conception of our relations, and if the Transportation Act

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in its labor sections means anything it means that men and management should endeavor to settle peacefully between themselves and without annoyance to the public whatever disputes may arise. As far as our employees are concerned, the issues in the Pennsylvania Railroad-Labor Board case have long since been settled to the satisfaction of the vast majority. As far as the public is concerned, the policy jointly pursued by the management and the employees maintained uninterrupted, and, in fact, greatly increased service at a time when nearly every railroad in the country was seriously affected by a national strike. Two-thirds of the Pennsylvania employees refused to answer the strike call.

How the employees themselves regard the Pennsylvania plan of employee representation is indicated by their participation in recent elections to fill the expiring terms of employee representatives among the shop crafts and the clerks and miscellaneous forces of Eastern, Central, and Northwestern Regions and Altoona Works. These three regions and Altoona Works represent more than three-fourths of the total number of employees in these classes on the entire system. It was the original elections in these classes to which the United States Railroad Labor Board objected. The fact is that in the elections just held more than 80 per cent of the employees affected voted in the election of employees' representatives to deal with the company.

Apparently the desire of Mr. Blanshard, of the Labor Board, and of others, who continue to agitate the issue, is:

1. To make people believe that the company was under obligation to comply with the decisions of the board on account of the Supreme Court's decision in the matter. The fact is that the United States Supreme Court made it very plain that our company was not obliged to observe the Labor Board's decision if it felt that its constitutional and legal rights were being invaded. The management was firmly convinced that the constitutional and legal rights of the company and its employees would be invaded if it complied with the decision of the board in the shop-crafts' and clerks' cases.

2. To make people believe that the company is anti-union. The fact is that its relations with employees who are high officers in national labor unions are, and have been for many years, eminently satisfactory to both. The company is now dealing with committees, all of whom are employees, representing signal men, telegraphers, and engine- and train-service employees, composed entirely of union members.

3. To make people believe that the company and its employees are at war. The fact is that under our system of employee representation employees and the management are working in the closest harmony. There is now no dispute of any consequence with our employees which we believe will not be amicably adjusted.

4. To make people believe that the company has denied its employees certain rights to which they are entitled. The fact is that the employees on the Pennsylvania have a more influential voice in determining matters affecting their wages, rules and working conditions, and other questions of mutual concern than the employees of almost any other large industry.

Reference is made to "more than two years of bitter fighting." Undoubtedly it is desired by outside agitators to create such an impression, but the employees themselves, the shippers and passengers who, because of the peaceful relationship between the Pennsylvania men and management, were served by this railroad when other railroads were handicapped by the strike, know better. They know, too, the facts about the national agreements to which the article refers, and which the Labor Board itself abrogated.

It is stated that System Federation No. 90 "hitherto represented" the Pennsylvania shop-craft employees. With the Railroad Administration, yes. With the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, no. System Federation No. 90 was imposed upon the Pennsylvania Railroad employees during Federal control, and acted for them in dealing with the Railroad Administration. It was never recognized by the management as representative of the wishes of the Pennsylvania shop men.

Referring to the shop-men's strike of last July it is stated that the "fight was bitter" on the Pennsylvania. It is common knowledge capable of substantiation from public records that during the strike this railroad handled more freight than before, and that its service was never seriously affected. Is that evidence of "bitter fighting"? And yet the Pennsylvania men who were called upon to strike would not have been out alone. They would have been part of a national strike, but two-thirds of them stuck to their posts.

It is stated that the rules adopted by the Pennsylvania show the "power of a corporation in time of depression." What about the power of the so-called company unions since that depression, when wages were raised under the Pennsylvania plan, and rules and working conditions negotiated which, for fairness and justice, stand comparison with those on any other railroad?

A great to-do is made about the number of employees of the shop crafts that voted for individuals in the first shop-crafts elections, and those who are alleged to have voted for System Federation No. 90. The fact is, however, that every one had an opportunity to vote by secret ballot for any individual, union or non-union. In several cases, all union men were elected and recognized as representatives of the employees by whom they were elected. In no civilized country in the world does the failure of its citizens to exercise their right of franchise invalidate the election brought about by those who do exercise that right. If the Pennsylvania plan was unfair, what was the inducement to the signal men, the telegraphers, the maintenance-of-way men to accept it and to elect solid union-member committees of employee representatives? The shop men had the same opportunity to name union employees as candidates, to vote for them, and to elect them if they could. But the union officers said, No.

One might just as well say that if the Republican or Democratic Party heads refused to participate in an election and urged their party members not to vote, therefore the candidates named and voted for and elected by their parties would not be validly elected. As far as voting for individuals rather than organizations is concerned, it is well to remember also that in this country we do not elect parties. We vote for individuals nominated by the parties, and meeting the requirements of the various election laws.

Mr. Blanshard states that the Pennsylvania plan "is admirably democratic in details and totally farcical in meeting general problems." Let us see what are the facts:

1. The company and its employees have successfully and satisfactorily negotiated wages, rules, and working conditions.

2. Transportation service has been maintained without interruption, even during a period of a national strike seriously affecting other railroads.

3. Means have been established for the peaceful settle-

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ment of all controversial questions. The highest authority on the railroad in the determination of these matters is a Joint Committee equally representative of employees and management, a two-thirds vote deciding any question. No executive officer nor board of directors can veto the decisions of this committee. If it cannot settle a question itself, it has the last say as to what tribunal will settle it.

4. Grievances are settled more amicably and with greater dispatch and mutual satisfaction than ever before.

5. Every employee has an opportunity to have a voice in deciding matters of most vital concern to him through the election, by secret ballot, of employee representatives.

6. The records of the settlement of disputed questions are unanswerable evidence of the success of this plan, of its satisfaction to the vast majority of Pennsylvania men, and of its importance to the employees, the company, and the public that we all serve.

It is stated in the article that the company can "deadlock" the Joint Committee. The answer is that, as far as the employees are concerned, scarcely any more vital questions are conceivable than wages, working rules, and conditions of employment. Yet all these matters have been satisfactorily adjusted without the deadlock that Mr. Blanshard fears. It is stated that certain union officers were discharged "when they refused to quit their union posts." The truth is that these men were released because they failed or refused to report for duty when ordered to do so. As regards Mr. Blanshard's reference to piecework, the fact is that even the matter of piecework prices on the Pennsylvania is subject to consideration and adjustment by a committee equally representative of employees and management.

It is impossible for any fair-minded observer of the operation of the Pennsylvania plan and the results which have been accomplished through the joint efforts of both management and men to escape the conclusion that our policy serves the best interests of the employees, the company, and the traveling and shipping public. In carrying out this policy the company and its employees have complied with the Transportation Act in letter and spirit, and we have made what we believe to be a very advanced step in the establishment of most valuable industrial relations.

The National Union's Viewpoint

By N. P. GOOD

PRESIDENT REA'S attempt to defend the management in what it has done centers around two things. First, there is the allegation that the Labor Board and other "agitators" want to make people believe that the company is under obligations to obey the Labor Board's directions. Is it not true that the Pennsylvania Railroad is under obligation to obey the board's decision and any other provision of the Transportation Act, just as it is obligated to obey the provisions of any statutory law? The only difference is that the obligation concerning a decision of the Labor Board is moral while, with respect to other laws, there is a penalty imposed for violations. Are we, therefore, to understand Mr. Rea to imply that obligations for the violation of which there are penalties are the only sort of obligations recognized by the Pennsylvania management? If this is true, then let me call attention to the mandatory provisions of the Transportation Act concerning procedure before a dispute goes to the Labor Board. Section 301 requires conferences between management and organizations of employees, but nowhere does it provide that the management *may*, much less *shall*, designate who these representatives shall be or how they shall be chosen. The obligation to carry out these provisions is not moral; it is mandatory. These provisions of the act have also been violated by the carrier.

In the second place, Mr. Rea would have the public believe that the road was not seriously affected by the suspension of work of the shop men on July 1, 1922, and that the vote cast in the late so-called election is evidence of approval by the employees.

Whether a majority of the shop-craft employees suspended work and whether the railroad was seriously affected can best be attested by the fact that commissaries and bunk-rooms established in July, 1922, were still in use at some points in July, 1923. On July 1, 1922, several hundred stored locomotives were in white lead and the general condition of power was normal; which means that 15 per cent of it was not serviceable and 85 per cent serviceable. At the present time no serviceable locomotives are in storage, several hundred new ones have been purchased and delivered, and still the Interstate Commerce Commission's inspectors have reported during the past few months approximately 85 per cent of all locomotives inspected in a defective condition. In other words, the figures of a year ago and today have been reversed. In addition to this there was a general disregard of safety laws, which became so bad that a protest meeting was held by the transportation brotherhoods last February.

Mr. Rea likens the election conducted by his railroad to the election of candidates by the Republican and Democratic parties. In this he fails to consider that our national election laws were made by those authorized by the people to do so, while the employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad were required to vote (if they voted at all) under regulations established by company officials and a few political henchmen who had no authority under the Transportation Act and no mandate from the employees to create such laws; therefore, the refusal of such a large number to vote should properly be accepted as a protest against such illicit dealings.

Mr. Rea says: "Means have been established for the peaceful settlement of all controversial questions." The means of "peaceful settlement" of which he speaks are not approved by a majority of the employees and will not endure, because he and his associates have utterly disregarded the constitutional and moral rights of all those who opposed them and because they are endeavoring to mold public opinion in their favor through a campaign of misrepresentation.

The outstanding feature, however, was not touched upon by Mr. Blanshard and certainly would not be mentioned by Mr. Rea. This is the attitude of the United States government administration toward the striking shop men who were charged by the Labor Board with having violated the law and against whom an injunction was obtained by the United States Department of Justice. Compare the attitude of the President of the United States and his Attorney General toward the shop men in this instance with the attitude toward the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has more openly and brazenly repudiated the provisions of the Transportation Act but against which not a public word of criticism has been issued, except as it has come from the Labor Board itself.

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These United States—XXXIV*

KENTUCKY: Where Men Die Standing

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

THE limited, Boston bound, roared over the flat Ohio farms. The melancholy New Englander in the seat opposite us, a boy returning East for a first year in Harvard, shook his head. "Kentucky," he repeated, gloomily. "No. Not as my home. All the people there are savages. Aren't they?" We spent an earnest ten minutes in proving the falsity of this belief. At the end of which time, optimistically, we rested our case. The grave youth thought a moment, then again shook his Mayflower head. "Well, anyway," he said, "it isn't a Christian country." A remark which was probably prompted by thoughts of the well-known but mythical old lady of the Cumberlands whose acquaintance with religious figures was limited to a certain mysterious God, familiar only through his last name "Dam." The doleful New Englander's indictment was pronounced before the Darwinian tempest swept down the Blue Grass; now a serious sophomore, the youth probably condemns the State as too Christian. Belief in its savagery, however, he will undoubtedly hold until his death. For to a diminished degree his verdict is the verdict of the nation. Is not Kentucky the land of grizzled feudists and defiant moonshiners; of soft-hatted politicians who recite poetry and tote pistols; is it not the land of dashing Night Riders and tobacco-chewing Methuselahs; is it not Wild West on Main Street? It is. All of these. But it is not savage: merely romantic. Therefore let a mechanized world be grateful.

The mountaineer who—if he can draw the faster—slays on sight a cousin in war over a pig three generations dead, is not a fiction: he is a fact. Yet he is the same mountaineer who to a weary, hungry stranger will give all his rickety bed and more than half his scanty corn pone. He is hospitable, kind, noble, even at the starvation point. His violence arises from the single passion which masters his existence—he must not be trod upon, he must be free. His cousin's kin, he argues, cheated his kin; they are trespassers upon his family's, and thus his own, kingdom of self; they must be annihilated. By no means is Kentucky all mountainous, nor all its dwellers mountaineers, yet from the misty heights of Pine Mountain on the east to the mud-lapping Mississippi on the west, the creed is one: I will be myself. The laws that please me I will obey; the laws that suit me not be damned. "A Kentuckian kneels only to his God," declaimed Crittenden, doomed for aiding the Cuban insurgents, as he faced the rifles of his Spanish executioners.

Alas that the Kentuckian forgets that the doctrine of "You let me alone" connotes "Then I'll let you alone"; certain of his own righteousness, he is not content until he is transfigured into an exalted crusader, off for the battle. Willy-nilly, he would then ram baptism by sprinkling, baptism by immersion, or whatever the momentary credo, down his townsman's throat, with revolver as ramrod. Intense, passionate, pious, his emotions are easily stirred, and the unschooled evangelistic parson, with his jeremiads of literal blood, fire, and brimstone, can whip him into acts, if not of violence, of ridiculous stupidity. Such are the black-frocked clerics who would make of Kentucky a virgin gold-field for the Ku Klux Klan with nuggets lying beside every tobacco plant—were it not for one fact: a Kentuckian revels in a fight, but it must be a fair fight.

One glossy laurel these rustic churchmen almost won: the law to prohibit the teaching of evolution—a law the bare mention of which should cause the giant pine trees, whose ancestors heard the Kentuckian bitterly assail the repressive Alien and Sedition Acts, to turn their spiny tops from the sun. The history of the Darwin episode is illuminating. A veteran Kentucky legislator's daughter enrolled at the State University. The time arrived when she returned home. One afternoon parent and child were conversing. "Father," the girl announced, "what you and mother taught me is wrong. All wrong. I've studied science in college. There isn't any God." And the father wept. But mere weeping is vain, he knew. He decided to act, and deliver the youth of Kentucky from these lethal educators who taught that men were no better than monkeys or dogs, with the same hope of heaven. The battalions of the pulpit rallied at his jousting cry. Bryan entered the capital. He addressed the legislature. The Nebraska breath was fire; the silver tongue scattered vitriol. The lower house heeded, with ears acute, and minds on the little church back home, thronged with voters. Enough votes were pledged for a victory. When at the last dramatic moment the thrice-blessed figure of independence and free-thinking rose from the corner where it had been pushed and sat upon: the bill was defeated by one vote. In the Senate, had it not been smothered in committee, the measure would have passed. A fact we confess with shame.

With shame, because the law would have violated every tradition that has brought the State glory. The tradition, for example, of the Kentucky which when still an unweaned, unprotected infant, surrounded by Indians, many times verged on a break from the Union because of Federalist autocracy; the tradition of the Kentucky governor who at the outbreak of the Civil War, when commanded by the Union's military chief to send troops, telegraphed the haughty officer a courteous "Go to," and sent the same valiant message to the Confederates; the tradition of the Kentucky militiamen who in the early conflicts of the nation, disgusted with the campaigns' conduct, told the chiefs their opinions, packed up their kits, and went back to the Blue Grass; the tradition of a Kentucky which, when the decision of the State's highest court did not satisfy the people, abolished the court. After all the anti-Darwin bill *was* defeated and tradition saved. Let hosannas ring!

High up in the Cumberlands where men live in the log houses their forefathers chopped from the shadowy forests, where there are no doctors in a county, no automobiles, no railroads, no telephones, there reigns liberty unfettered—and systematic scorn for law. It is moonshiners' paradise. Back from the creek bottom serving as a highway sits Steve Miracle, rifle at his side. In his pigmy clearing,

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deserted except for a hissing rattler, or a "blowin' " viper, he watches stoically as the mountain "dew" drips from the rusted still into the jug below. Maybe, if Steve isn't conscientious, he adds a bit of alkali. Certainly the gun is there. Kept handy, too. Et's his liquor, ain't et? His corn, his still, by God, it's all his'n. What right's them folks up in Frankfort or way out East to say he cain't make liquor ef he wants to? Let a dam revenuer come aroun! He'll show 'em, by God.

The Kentucky mountaineer shoots first and thinks afterward. In a county whose voting population was eleven hundred, three years saw twenty fatal shootings and sixteen woundings. No conviction followed. Amazingly trivial are the causes of this deadly gun play. A farmer kicks his neighbor's dog. A father gives his intoxicated son an unwelcome order—orders are not popular in the mountains. One ingenious highland merchant after a quarrel, knowing his life to be in danger, constructed a stockade the entire distance from his house to his store. He died from a bullet nevertheless. The statute-books denounce gun-toting: the law is futile as a sun parlor in Mammoth Cave. In this year of grace nineteen hundred twenty three, of subways, radio, and chewing gum, every man taking the oath of office in Kentucky must swear he has neither as principal nor second participated in a duel! When the last constitutional convention assembled in 1890 obsolete enactments came up for repeal. The dueling law was retained; the legislators believed revocation would be dangerous. More than once has a judge rendered a decision and afterwards affirmed it with his life. The vigorous breath of this warning in the columns of an old newspaper still blows up the Licking. "I . . . thus publicly give notice to all sheriffs, constables, bailiffs, marshals, and their deputies, that if they do serve any precept on me preparatory to coercion that I will . . . put a period to their earthly career. . . ."

Withal, the Kentuckian is kind, devoted, lovable. Though his only books be the Bible and the Sears Roebuck catalogue, he is never uncouth. He is always the gentleman. Woman, beautiful, black haired or golden haired, flashing eyed, soft of form and soft of voice, here dwells in the age of chivalry. Upon her pedestal she is enthroned, for stranger, lover, husband to worship. In the Blue Grass the mannish-collared college girl would be a sight so bizarre that her walk upon the streets would signal a parade of gaping ragamuffins and grinning piccaninnies. When Kentucky was still an eighteenth-century wilderness of forest, Indian, and trapper, a dancing-master established a school for pirouettes in the blockhouse of Lexington. Nor did he starve. Kentucky is the land where woman must be woman; her castle her home. True, the State did at length ratify the suffrage amendment; why, is a mystery. At a document-strewn desk a prominent Kentuckian, pounding with his fist as though each blow annihilated one of the guilty, scathingly harangued to us why the law was the most calamitous act in all the nation's history.

How ran the old song the school boys chorused when no teacher was nearby? Something after this fashion:

> In Kentucky. In Kentucky.
> Where the horses are the fairest,
> Where the women are the fastest,
> And the politics the damndest:
> In Kentucky.

Let the sleek horses graze quietly in their velvet pastures; bid farewell to the Kentucky maiden—though verily she merits far more than a glance—and muse instead upon ballots and balloteers. The writer of the song's closing line was a man of truth. Politics are the damndest in Kentucky. The reason? Again it is individuality, exalted, bringing with it strange contradictions. Whether classroom novice, farmer, lawyer, clerk, or tobacco picker, every male is a politician. Asked whence came the principles he cherishes, his proud reply would be "Myself": almost certainly these principles were handed down by his father, and by his father's father, slightly changed in the passage of time. Yet, stubborn partisan as he is, should the interpretations of other father's sons, clashing with his own, be made the dominant creed of the party, instanter he bolts. A party split is as regular and expected as frogs after a Visalia rain. The schisms sometimes prove fatal. For politics in Kentucky are never impersonal. Wrote one statesman to a rival: "I will not call you liar, villain, or scoundrel; but with all the politeness imaginable, I could prove you so."

The office-seeker is delightfully ingenuous. Thus advertises one highland candidate: "I am out of a job for some time. My wife and six children need my support. Think it over, friend, and let me have your vote for clerk." A poster with the honest rustic smiling out blazons these cryptic sentences: "All my life I lived in this county. My father and grandfather, too. Not one of us ever asked for a political office. I think it's about time they got one, don't you?" "A dog for every man in the mountains," promises a son of Clay County, wistful for the legislature. While what more could be asked of man than this: "I will make the people of our county a good, sober sheriff"?

Along the river valleys, where time is marked by the coming of the show-boat, or on the rolling plains where the clock is the county fair, the buying of ballots is a commerce probably far rarer than in the Northern States stretching up from the clayey Ohio, with their Cincinnatis, their Terre Hautes, their Chicagos. In the Republican mountains, however, where there are few to see and none to tell, the ballot merchant—so say the Democrats—disdains retail barter, and opens his shop for the wholesale trade. The clientele is that benumbed caste, supposedly the progeny of criminals who fled from England; their slogan, "A vote for a dollar." In a plateau county, so insistent became the cry for greenbacks a few days before election, the tiny bank serving the community was drained, and compelled to telegraph the Sub-Treasury for a new supply.

In the Goebel assassination mountain political fury attained its height; the case is a twentieth-century tragedy of two cities begun with death in a duel and ended with murder. . . . William Goebel is State Senator from Covington in the lowlands. The commoner hails him as a liberator; corporations denounce him as a self-seeking despot. . . . The Senator writes a political article attacking Colonel John Sandford, an officer of a Covington bank. . . . The two men meet at the bank's entrance. . . . Both draw, both fire. . . . Sandford falls, mortally wounded. . . . Goebel is never indicted. . . . Four years pass. . . . The Senator is now Democratic candidate for governor. . . . The returns show the Republicans to be elected by 2,383 votes. . . . The verdict is accepted, then contested on a charge of intimidation and fraud in the mountains. . . . The legislative committee assembles at Frankfort to hear the contest. . . . Feeling is intense. . . . Nine hundred and sixty armed mountaineers invade the capital "to see justice done" . . .

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The decision of the contest is about to be announced, in Goebel's favor. . . . When Goebel, entering the capitol grounds, is shot to death by a bullet fired from a window in the Secretary of State's private office. . . . Republican leaders are accused, among them the governor whose office Goebel was contesting. . . . It is testified that mountain feudists had agreed "to kill off enough Democrats to make a Republican majority in the legislature." . . . One confesses, some are convicted: to be pardoned later when a Republican chief executive comes into power. . . . One is repeatedly sent as a mountain representative to Congress. . . . In a single aspect the grim episode is not typical; Goebel was slain by an assassin, not by an enemy face to face—Kentuckians abhor cowards who shoot from behind. Another fatal drama, so recent that the trials may not yet be ended, is the "Bloody Election" of Clayhole. In this hamlet, where political control vacillated, gunmen entered the polls, shot promiscuously and mortally, riddled the ballot boxes with bullets, and dumped them into the river nearby.

On the same stage as these tragedies of blood, are rightly, in comic relief, enacted high political comedy and farce. The legislature, less corrupt perhaps than in many other commonwealths, naturally could not exist without its lobbies for drollery and divertissement. Here the jovial entertainers are the Three Musketeers—the coal lobby, the railroad lobby, and the race-track lobby; appearing in their sportive interlude:

> All for one. One for all.
> Dare he strike one, three on him fall.

No bribes, says Mr. Legislator. Away, Satan, with your bribe! But a drink of whiskey from a friend in a dry country—that's different. So the soft-coal lobbyist must stock his hotel chambers with the mellowest of Scotland's pride, and keep open house for the men who make the laws. There's work to be done! The influence thus exerted is said to be tremendous.

Out of England to the Indian-haunted forests lumbered the caravans of the Kentucky settlers. The wilderness did its work, and the traits of the newcomers identifying them as Englishmen vanished. Except one: the Englishman's love of a horse race. From the days when "scalping" was a dread fact of the moment, not a dim tradition, the bronzed inhabitants of each little settlement gathered to watch shining steed vie with shining steed. Today the sport, commercialized, has aggrandized until it is imperial; the daily health bulletins of its Morviches, its Silver Kings, are flashed about the world as though they told of a god upon whose well-being hung the universe; millions are won and lost when the favored Derbyite stumbles and breaks a leg.

It is the race-track lobby, fighting the church lobby for its life, whose methods are unique. This is the procedure laid down by the race-track political Book of Etiquette. About the busy paddocks are a myriad hangers-on, watchmen, machine-tenders, ticket-takers, all well paid. Be you envious of such an easy livelihood, or out of employment, call upon the king of horses and jockeys, and petition for a place. "Go," commands the monarch, "and seek out the political chieftain of your province. Worthiest of all, let it be a legislator. Ask him to inscribe for you an indorsement. Return to me then, and the post is yours. If ye gain no such indorsement, return not, for we are busy, and life is brief."

Thus, indirectly, the politician goes deep into the race-king's debt: and debts it is not etiquette for a politician to forget. As another effective expedient, the sovereign places the legislator upon his regal pay roll, at a stipend of fifteen dollars a day with no onerous labor demanded of him.

One unsophisticated, conscientious legislator, apprised of this boon, so goes the story, besought of the king to know his duties. "You see that concrete wall over there?" growled the monarch. "Yep," returned the anxious inquirer. "Well, you're the wall guard," sniffed His Highness. "Keep your eye wide open to see that it doesn't walk away."

Always a paradox is the Kentuckian; an ultra-conservative in making laws, he becomes a passionate radical in breaking them. The tenant tobacco farmers, "hill billies" who were ever in debt to the grocer and at the mercy of a tobacco trust which paid as the mind of its buyer varied, decided something must be done. Failing to consult Blackstone, they banded together, agreeing to retain the crops until a life-supporting price was offered. If a neighbor more prosperous, or preferring to play his football game alone, insisted on selling at any figure tendered, he received three or four warnings. If the warnings went unheeded, upon a cloudy night a troop of cavalrymen dashed through his fields, and a few moments later tobacco barn and its black leaves were in flames. These incendiaries, haters of trusts, were, and are, the "Night Riders." Similarly, when toll-gates along the ragged highways in Campbell County harassed the travelers, and negotiations for purchase appeared never to end, rustic cavaliers galloped down: when the toll-keeper appeared after dawn to collect his levy from every voyager he found the gates hacked into splinters. The sale was consummated at once.

Kentucky, the Kingdom of Self. It is a land which has borne or fostered many of the famous: Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, Henry Clay, Henry Watterson, Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln, the President of the Confederacy and the President of the Union; but always the greatness is of the individual, never of the reflected group. It is the Land Where Anything Might Happen; where judges spit tobacco with grandiloquent attorneys, and one judge opens court with hymns; where school teachers kill wild-cats by lying upon them; where schoolboys whip pedagogues because no holiday is granted to honor the visiting elephant; where a newspaper-contest promoter addressing circular letters in the conventional "My Dear Mrs. Bowsley" is invited upon the street to fight numerous irate husbands for flirting with their wives; where the casual wayfarer is introduced to the college president by the driver of the mail hack. It is a land where love of liberty compensates for grievous imperfections; a land of the lotus which the Kentuckian may leave, but never abandons. This is the State's sin: life is too cheap. Let the Kentuckian barter his revolver for a book, and die in bed.

Lest the Blue Grass inclined vacationer be frightened from his pilgrimage, to the sorrow of commerce chambers, we hasten to add that there are policemen in Kentucky, and spots where the stranger might dwell five years without hearing the sound of a gun.

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in The Nation *of August 8, will be North Dakota: A Twentieth-Century Valley Forge, by Robert George Paterson.*

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Straws and Confetti

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

SOME people say that ex-President Wilson is really for Al Smith of New York. They allege that they have it straight—at only two removed. They confirmingly remember that Mr. Wilson unavailingly but revealingly vetoed the Volstead Act. . . . Harry Slattery, veteran conservation fan, returns from Europe and reports seeing ex-Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, veteran conservation foe, who in London thrilled the local newspapers by telling them that "President Harding likes his drink as well as I like mine." "President and Cabinet Minister Boon Drinking Companions," said some of the ensuing headlines. . . . Slattery says also that no American since Woodrow Wilson has been so welcomed in Europe as Hiram Johnson. He has been dinnered, luncheoned, breakfasted, pursued by the electorate and cornered by the elect, interrogated, besought to explain "irreconcilability," put on a pedestal, urged to open his marble lips, quoted whenever he was pleased to say a word to the world, and photographed and filmed all the rest of the time. . . . He also was laboriously psychoanalyzed by European editorial writers who seemed to feel: "We studied the wrong America when we studied Wilson: here's our chance to study the America that wins." . . .

Senator King of Utah, hatchet-faced and rip-saw-minded, passes through Washington on his way to Moscow and says that he helped in a high degree to expel the Russian Soviet Bureau from the United States and that now he wishes in an equally high degree to be helpful in restoring Russia to the family of nations. . . . Tarrying one night in Washington, Senator King labored in his office in the Senate Office Building till one o'clock. He illustrates a true story which no reporter could ever make the public believe. Washington is full of public men who labor long after their constituents have gone to the movies. . . .

The anthracite coal operators tell the United States Coal Commission that there is large and intense competition between them. Some people here doubt it. Others say: "We fear it will be so." . . . The Interstate Commerce Commission has driven the last spike home to insure the continuance of unlimited competition among bituminous operators. It has decided that every bituminous mine, in every bituminous railroad district, must always have its full pro-rated quota of all coal cars, including and counting all private coal cars of private coal consumers and including and counting all special coal cars assigned by railroads to get coal for their locomotives. . . . Bituminous mining, already very competitive, is going to be more competitive. Anthracite mining, very consolidated, is getting split into ultimately competitive units by the enforced separations of anthracite railroads from anthracite lands and of anthracite railroads from other anthracite railroads. . . . Governmental destruction of railroad rebates and governmental destruction of other unfair practices have split the packers apart till the small packers every year are making gains on the big packers. . . . The utmost endeavor of the Department of Justice has shown no monopoly, and not even any conspiracy, among sugar firms. Washington fears we are drifting back toward competition. . . . The horror of it is that if we cannot explain "profiteering" by "monopoly" or by "conspiracy" we shall be driven to explaining it by the simple fact that everybody under a system of production for profit is habitually engaged in taking the highest price that anybody will offer him for his product. . . . We then would have to choose simply between the production-for-profit system, or individualism, and the production-for-service system, or socialism, and few people have the nerve to make that bald choice, either one way or the other, outrightly. . . . Yet that is precisely the choice toward which we are moving. The Coal Commission statistics show that the admitted "independents" among the anthracite operators are able to exceed the prices of the "trust" and do so. The Federal Trade Commission statistics show that the "independents" among the packers can—and do—exceed the "Big Five" in profits on their investments. . . . Washington is perplexed. . . . Everything in the national capital is criss-cross. . . .

The Democratic Party leaders, in the name of the down-trodden, are preparing to make a strong play in Congress next December for tariff reduction. . . . The ablest organization of farmers here represented, through the ablest legislative agent here resident, is preparing, in the name of the down-trodden, to give the Tariff Commission endless hurdles to jump if it dares to set out toward tariff reduction on certain agricultural products. . . .

The Supreme Court, through Mr. Justice Butler, decides that the authorities of West Virginia did not consider the "reproduction cost" theory of value in arriving at the valuation of a public utility and that, therefore, they were wrong in following the lower "original cost" theory. On the same day, through Mr. Justice Brandeis, the Supreme Court decides that the authorities of Georgia did consider the "reproduction theory" and that therefore they were quite right in following the lower "original cost" theory. . . . This distinction between being wrong when you fail to consider a thing and being right when you consider it and reject it is very puzzling to Mr. Justice McKenna, who thereupon dissents from Mr. Justice Brandeis. . . . Mr. Justice Brandeis and Mr. Justice Holmes seem to be leading the court toward being more favorable to the "original cost" theory, which is the theory also of Robert Marion La Follette. When La Follette advocates it, editors say he reminds them of Trotzky. They do not say he reminds them of Holmes. . . . Mr. Justice McKenna and Mr. Justice Butler make it seem unlikely that Al Smith, if elected President, would necessarily do everything that the Roman Catholic hierarchy suggested. Mr. Justice McKenna and Mr. Justice Butler are Roman Catholics. The National Catholic Welfare Council, consisting of all the Roman Catholic bishops in the United States, has laid down the most progressive social economic program which any church in America has ever laid down for its followers. Mr. Justice McKenna and Mr. Justice Butler remain contumaciously among our stubbornest conservatives. Until St. Peter has more influence with them, it seems not proved that he would necessarily carry the keys to Mr. Smith's thoughts should he some day reach the White House. . . .

The Democrats are cooling toward the League of Nations very fast. Their spokesmen here talk now of positive action by America toward Europe's reconstruction problems irrespective of the League. Republicans will offer the country a leagueless world court. The Democrats will offer the country a leagueless international economic conference. . . . The steadiest wind in this cave of whirlwinds seems to be the one that blows against the League.

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Anyhow Debs Spoke in Cincinnati

By MARY D. BRITE

CAN Eugene V. Debs come to Cincinnati on the hottest and longest day of the year and speak to an overflowing audience? No, said the Chamber of Commerce, the Kiwanis Club, the Rotary Club, and other business men's organizations. No, said the American Legion, the Army and Navy Club, and other patriotic societies. No, said the trustees of Music Hall who canceled their contract after the hall had been obtained and the rent paid. No, said various clergymen who took the opportunity to refer to the meeting in their sermons. Most emphatically no, said the daily papers, one of which stated that no information relative to the meeting or to Mr. Debs would be published in that particular journal, at the same time giving generous space to the organizations protesting against the meeting. Even Billy Sunday sent a telegram commending the action of the trustees in canceling the contract.

But the working men and women of Cincinnati said Mr. Debs was to speak—those who in spirit had been with him in his opposition to the war; who in spirit had gone to Atlanta with him and in spirit had come out of Atlanta with him.

Last winter when Margaret Sanger arrived to hold a birth-control meeting Cincinnati was mightily stirred. Could people hear the pernicious doctrine of limitation of families? But adherents came to the front, pressure was exerted in the proper quarters by the proper people, and it was discovered to be vitally important that the right of free speech should be maintained. A large and interested audience heard Mrs. Sanger with the full approval and sanction of the city authorities.

So when there was a possibility, which developed into a probability, of having Mr. Debs for a meeting, I felt it would only be necessary to get the largest hall in town, announce the meeting, and the opposition of the American Legion would furnish the advertising. Music Hall was engaged, a contract was signed, the rent was paid.

Then things began to happen. Running true to form, certain members of the American Legion took the opportunity of expressing their belief in "free speech, but—" Resolutions were passed against allowing Mr. Debs to appear in a city composed of so many 100 per cent Americans who must not be disturbed in their beliefs; these resolutions were rapidly followed by similar action on the part of other patriotic and business organizations.

Then the ministers got on the job, and speaking in the name of the lowly Nazarene, protested against the appearance in Cincinnati of a man who had declared himself against war and in pursuance of his belief had gone to jail.

The protests came to the ears of the trustees of Music Hall. Now the contract for Music Hall contains a very engaging clause which reads:

> The lessor may terminate this lease for the violation of any of the provisions or conditions thereof; or in case the trustees of the Music Hall Association decide that the use of the premises under this lease be improper or obnoxious. In case of such termination, the rent paid by the lessee shall be forfeited and the lessee shall be entitled to no refunder thereof.

The Board of Trustees decided that it would be "improper or obnoxious" for Mr. Debs to speak in Music Hall and promptly canceled the contract. Attention was called to the fact that under the clause no refund was required, but being honorable gentlemen, the amount of the rent paid was returned. All very polite and considerate.

Music Hall came to the city as a gift from Reuben Springer and was for many years called "Springer Hall" in commemoration of him. Stock was sold in the Music Hall Association for $1 a share and many people, as a civic obligation, acquired shares. It was Mr. Springer's idea and intention, and was so stated in the endowment, that the hall was to be used by the citizens of Cincinnati for the purpose of holding meetings, educational or otherwise, and that the business of the association was to be conducted at cost of maintenance, no profits to be derived therefrom. For this reason the property is not taxed.

The committee on arrangements went steadily forward with its plans. Labor Temple was engaged and a smaller hall secured for an overflow meeting. The management of Labor Temple prevented the disgrace of having it said that labor in Cincinnati had failed to accord to Mr. Debs the recognition he merited at its hands.

The question then arose as to the probable attitude to be taken by the city authorities. Would it be decided that there was too much danger to vested interests if Mr. Debs were permitted to speak? Would we have a city administration reversing a precedent laid down with much virtuous sounding of trumpets only a few short months ago? Fortunately, they evidently saw the point involved in such an attitude and stated that no attempt would be made to interfere with the meeting, but that a couple of policemen would be detailed to be present in order to see that nothing seditious or lawless should be attempted.

"The foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head." The hotels in Cincinnati were too full (?) to accommodate Mr. Debs and his party, and it was not until the day of his arrival that rooms were engaged. When he arrived and registered the following conversation took place between the clerk and a member of the committee. Said the clerk: "Does Mr. Debs wish to engage the hotel auditorium for a meeting?" He was informed that a hall had been obtained and arrangements completed, to which the clerk replied: "Well, I just wanted to say that if he did he couldn't have it." The hall in this hotel, by the way, seats in the neighborhood of 200.

But we were not to get off so easily. At the last moment we discovered that our tickets were not in accordance with the latest style, and a new supply had to be printed. Then we were advised by the Chief of Police just before the meeting was to begin that it could not be held as we had no permit. I have arranged a number of meetings in Cincinnati at Labor Temple and elsewhere, and no permit had ever been necessary. But this was a Debs meeting, and all rules and regulations had been changed to meet that emergency. A permit was required—and obtained. Five dollars, please.

The meeting was held; many people heard Mr. Debs speak; many people were unable to get in either hall; the street was filled from curb to curb with an interested and eager throng, all anxious to see the man whom they loved and who they knew was full of love for and a desire to serve them.

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In the Driftway

WITH pleasure the Drifter read that June 30 was a record day at the Chicago marriage license bureau, more licenses having been issued then than ever before. Was this not a delightful occasion, both for those persons who expected these hopeful couples to become disillusioned and for those confident that they would not be? Watching embarkees on this particular voyage of adventure is one of the greatest of indoor sports. Then the Drifter read further, and his smile changed to a frown—almost a tear. For this haste to wed was caused not by a joyous beckoning toward adventure but because the price of marriage licenses was to advance from one dollar and a half to three dollars on the first of July.

* * * * *

IT would be idle to debate the question, Is a marriage license worth twice as much on July 1 as on June 30? Not only would the value of marriage have to be thoroughly reviewed, but all sorts of complications involving the fiscal year which began on July 1 would enter in. At first the Drifter was inclined simply to include the repeal of such a monstrous ordinance in the blanket repeal bill which he is preparing. Careful contemplation of the subject made him believe, however, that a more expensive marriage license was not such a bad thing after all, especially in Chicago. Only a very short stay in the Middle West was enough to give the Drifter indigestion—from too much plenty. On every side of him uncountable rows of corn marched toward the horizon, myriads of heads of wheat bent halfway to the earth, fat hogs roamed slowly in rich pastures, and the trees were bowed under the weight of small green fruit (no telling how many branches would break when their burden ripened). There was too much—too much of everything.

* * * * *

IT may be that some statistician could prove that it was not too much; that each ear of corn would find its hog and each hog its pork-eater, or that each green apple would turn red and bring five cents in some city market. But the Drifter is not interested in statistics; he is suffering from colic brought on by a combination of the above-mentioned causes plus too much cream, eggs, butter, and black dirt. Probably only the sight of a meager New England hillside, covered with stones and sparse grass and topped by a spare, narrow, eighteenth-century farmhouse with barn and woodshed attached, can effect a cure.

* * * * *

IT is for this reason that he welcomes the increased difficulty in procuring marriage licenses. Something ought to be made difficult in the Middle West. And to any irate Middle Western farmer who sends him a letter calling him a lunatic and reminding him of the price of wheat and corn, the Drifter will reply by sending a photograph of that same New England landscape where it is frequently impossible to scratch out of the hard earth enough sustenance to keep the scratcher alive, let alone selling it in the open market.

* * * * *

MEANWHILE he is on a strict diet of straw and cornhusks slightly dampened with water, and he is hoping to get well without the discipline of marriage at three dollars per two heads. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Was Mencken Right?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The through express—New York to New Orleans—slows down and stops. "Pa-aper" bawls a voice beside the track. "Here boy!" I deposit a nickel. The Charlotte *Observer* is before me—Charlotte, North Carolina, morning edition, June 15, 1923. I read the following news stories:

Convention of the Knights of Pythias—front page story.
Convention of the Redmen—front page story.
Flag conference of the American Legion—front page story.
Ku Klux Klan parades in full regalia—page 2.
Mystery man haunts American Legion—page 2.
Federation of Musical Clubs pleads for Americanization of opera—English to be sung only—page 4.
Epworth Leaguers hear strong spiritual talk—page 4.
Kiwanis Club holds water party—page 4.
Conference of Young Folks Synod—page 5.
American Legion Bazaar, full details—page 5.
Rotarians plan private park—page 6.
Semi-annual meeting of Mooseheart Legion, the "purple fez wearers"—page 6.
"White Knight Whippers" beat up Frank Sanceri. Picture of Frank's back—page 7.
Convention of Baptist Seaside Assembly—page 8.
Annual convention of Baraca-Philathea Union—page 8.
Battle of Charlotte Chapter, D. A. R., observes Flag Day with tea and cookies—page 10.
Chamber of Commerce arranges meeting of Boy Scouts' Court of Honor—page 10.
Meeting of the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star—page 11.
Parade—and picture—of Mystic Order of the Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm, 60,000 strong—page 11.

And flanking these news stories, the following advertisements, mostly illustrated:

Wendell's Pills—"banish nervousness."
Poslam—for the skin.
Peterson's Piles Ointment—"Is wonderful for piles, says Peterson."
Freezone—for corns.
California Fig Syrup—for constipation.
Tanlac Vegetable Pills.
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Cuticura.
Vicks Vapor Rub—for asthma.
Nature's Remedy Tablets—for constipation.
Women! Peel your faces at home with Mercolized Wax.
Better health for women—Lydia E. Pinkham.
666—for bilious fever.
Curly hair can be yours! Queen Hair Dressing.
Chamberlain's Tablets—for constipation.
Old Indian Liver and Kidney Tonic.
G. F. P. restores vitality to generative organs.
Foley's Honey and Tar—for coughs.
Blue-jay—for corns.
B. C.—for headache.
Doan's Kidney Pills.
Catarrh woman's worst foe.

I'm afraid Mencken was right.

New York, June 29 STUART CHASE

Important Russian Relief

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your mention, in a recent issue, of groups which are continuing relief work in Russia, you omit the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, which, with the exception of the American Relief Administration, has expended more money

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on relief work in Russia than any other organization operating there.

The J.D.C. (as it is generally known) is a sectarian organization, the funds of which have primarily been collected by Jews, from Jews, for Jews. The greater portion of the $60,000,000 so collected has, under the leadership of Felix M. Warburg, been spent in Europe for sectarian relief, to meet the special and exigent tragedies that have befallen Jews in the war-racked territories.

The Russian situation, however, was not one of specially afflicted groups, but of famine, in which the whole population in the famine areas was stricken. The J.D.C. therefore held that in this tragic crisis relief should be non-sectarian in the famine territories. From August, 1921, to January, 1923, the J.D.C. appropriated for Russian relief and reconstruction $7,159,654.62, the greater portion of which was expended wholly in such non-sectarian work.

The reconstructive work was conducted under the lead of Colonel Herbert H. Lehman. Seventy-five farm tractor machines have been shipped to Russia, with five tractor squads to teach the use and application of these tractors. Large contributions of live stock, farm implements, seeds, and various other farm supplies have been made. The formation of farm settlements for agricultural colonists has been furthered. Appropriations have also been made for the reestablishment of cooperative loan societies to further the economic rehabilitation of the people of Russia, and provision has been made for the establishment, equipment, and maintenance of trade schools with the cooperation of local groups. Much medical work has been done in the furnishing of supplies, etc., to hospitals.

Under Colonel Haskell's supervision and with the active participation of Dr. Joseph A. Rosen (a noted grain expert), representative of the J.D.C. in Russia, a great movement was inaugurated for the planting of corn and the diversification of crops. The result of this particular activity has been that over 2,700,000 acres have, according to reliable surveys, actually been planted in corn. The Russian peasant has, in the past, planted almost exclusively small grains. If there had been diversification of crops, the famine might not actually have been averted, but it would have become a matter of secondary consequence, for corn will fructify with summer rains, while the small grains require spring rain.

In a world racked by intolerance, hatred, and dissension it is a heartening thing when men of diverse religious beliefs and background join forces, actuated only by a common impulse to alleviate suffering and to render truly constructive aid.

New York, July 6 JAMES N. ROSENBERG,
Vice-Chairman,
American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee

The Chinese Question in a Nutshell

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The government of China is undoubtedly rotten. It is undoubtedly as rotten as the governments of the United States, England, France, Italy, Rumania, and Japan. Possibly it is even a little rottener. The government of China, or the isolated groups of militarists, officials, and professional robbers who constitute its government, succeed in despoiling the Chinese people every year of a certain large sum—say a hundred million dollars. The governments of the United States, England, France, Italy, Rumania, and Japan act as legal agents for the interlocking groups of American, British, French, Italian, Rumanian, and Japanese financiers, industrialists, and commercial chieftains who succeed in despoiling the American, British, French, Italian, Rumanian, and Japanese peoples of a certain much larger sum—say a thousand million dollars.

There lies the difference: in one case the government is robber direct, in the others it is the authorized legal agent for robbery. It is the only difference, but an important one in the minds of peoples who traditionally worship legality, that is, conformance to rules of the game as duly written down—written down by those who always win. And because of this difference, and in order to do away with it, there is clamor for intervention in China.

I can understand why the governments of the United States, England, etc., should talk of intervention, for they have a conviction of moral superiority to vindicate. I can understand why the classes for whom the governments of the United States, England, etc., act should talk of intervention, for they have a vested interest in the political and economic theory that the function of all governments is to act as their agents in robbery rather than as robbers direct. But I cannot understand why the people of the United States, England, etc., should talk of intervention, support it, or even be interested in it. And I know that the people of China will never give ear to it or submit to it. For at the worst they get off cheaper than the people of the United States, England, etc.

Oceans of ink have been spilled and can be spilled on various phases of the problem of China, but this is the essence of the problem, at least of the problem of China's relation to (call them) the civilized nations.

Constantinople, June 18 NATHANIEL PEFFER

Reading for Political Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I suggest that if any *Nation* readers wish to furnish books useful to these men [political prisoners in San Quentin penitentiary], they communicate with me, and I will notify them as to what is needed. And, by the way, one of the men, P. Mellman, Box 37637, San Quentin, California, has asked to have *The Nation* sent him. This would mean its being passed around among many men. If some one wishes to brighten the days of our comrades in prison in this way, and keep them thus in closest touch with the progress of the world, here is a chance. The warden does not share the mentality of the Los Angeles school board. He permits *The Nation* and similar magazines free access to the prisoners. Thus they have some advantage over the inmates of Los Angeles schools.

San Francisco, June 29 W. T. BROWN

Imperishable Fielding

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Lovers of the English classics should be very grateful to Mr. Carl Van Doren for a recent article in your columns about Fielding. It is comforting to those who imagine fiction to be too perishable a picture of "the manners living as they rise" to behold this great writer's novels still enthusiastically read after two hundred years. Happier still is it to recall what Gibbon said of "Tom Jones" in his "Autobiography": "That exquisite picture of human manners will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria."

We have already lived to see one part of this prediction fulfilled.

Seattle, June 20 FREDERICK BAUSMAN

Arkansas's Literary Reputation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Fred W. Allsopp's indignant objection to Edson's assertion that those Arkansans who can read do not read is not well founded, judging from his own figures. Surely no one would maintain that even the most scrupulous study of the *Literary Digest*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal* constitutes reading. But I will agree with Mr. Allsopp that from the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotarian, and the Kiwanian viewpoint Arkansas is all right and going to be all righter.

El Paso, Texas, June 12 EDWARD D. TITTMANN

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Books

A Man of Faith

Men Like Gods. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company. $2.

IN the temperament of Mr. Wells the spirit of optimism is obviously even more fundamental and insistent than the spirit of inquiry, and he works because he hopes rather than hopes because he works. Busy as he is with controversy and the immediate problems of a tangled world he must refresh his spirit from time to time with a vision of existence made perfect beyond the need of controversy and, sweeping aside troublesome questions of ways and means, remold in fancy a world nearer to the heart's desire. Essentially he lives by faith, and, the very antithesis of a John Stuart Mill to whom a parliamentary report presented the flower of human ecstasy, he can never devote himself to the tangible without frequent rests for the contemplation of the impossible. Accordingly "Men Like Gods" is one of the periodical vacations which he permits himself. In it he wears his prophetic robes, touched with motley, with his jauntiest air, and in the person of a middle-aged man weary of his job as sub-editor of a journal devoted to the more depressing aspects of modern liberalism he jokes his way into Utopia. For Wells as for his hero "hope is the essential solvent without which there is no digesting life," and just because he takes up the story when everything in the modern world looks black and hope seems almost impossible he allows himself the tonic of hope without limit.

This time the promised land lies in a universe parallel to ours in some unknown dimension. There, two supermen devoted to experimental Einstein rotate a fragment of our world into theirs, carrying with it a group of representative Earthlings. Then after one, at least, of the latter has seen and appreciated the difference between that world of knowledge, order, and intelligence as compared with our own world of ignorance, confusion, and prejudice the fragment is rotated back and we are bidden after this Pisgah sight to push on our way across the desert with faith in ourselves as our guide.

If we have not before now come to the end of our journey, Wells implies, it is because we have never really tried. Through many weary centuries we unloaded responsibility for the direction of our affairs upon God and when God had disappeared we shifted the burden to Nature. In the supposedly unreligious nineteenth century Divine Providence reappeared under the seductive guises of natural selection and economic law, encouraging us in our unwillingness to look after our own affairs by assuring us that something—if not God then the Darwinian theory and the law of supply and demand—would surely work for the good of those willing to muddle through. But since Nature's holy plan has left human affairs in the same unhappy confusion into which All-seeing Providence conducted them, only intelligence remains to be tried. Faith in God and faith in Nature are seductive excuses for irresponsibility, but faith in the human mind is a driving force.

Mr. Wells is more interested, I think, in asserting his dogged confidence in Utopia as an attainable land and in indicating the general direction of the route than he is in describing minutely the institutions of the place. And in this, of course, he is wise, for perfection is notoriously difficult to imagine. Any street-corner fanatic can describe a hell which is at least hellish enough, but not even the imagination of a Dante can conceive a heaven in which one man out of ten would want to spend a time longer than that embraced by the usual summer vacation. Indeed, a pessimist might see in this impossiblity of imagining beatitude a sinister sign that man was made for trouble, with organs for the perception of pain but without correspondingly adequate organs for joy, and that happiness can never be obtained because it cannot even be conceived. But such gloomy imaginings are not for Wells. Here, he seems to say, is a world, not perfect perhaps, but at least as much freer and comelier than ours as ours is freer and comelier than that, let us say, of Carthaginian despotism. And it is conceivable that men essentially no different from ourselves could realize it.

Though the mind of the present reviewer is not of the sort naturally inclined to Utopian imaginings he is far from denying either the interest or the value of Utopias. Mr. Wells himself would never have been a sociologist if he had not been a dreamer first, and he may be justified in his assumption that only the faith and the will are lacking to transform this world into something which would seem by comparison at least a paradise. It may be that if the general on the battlefield says "It's human nature to kill and you can't change human nature," it is only because he does not want human nature changed; and that if the captain of industry says "You can't have an incentive to accomplishment without cutthroat competition," it is only because he does not want to stop cutting financial throats. And, finally, it may be also that by dreaming dreams enough man will at last become civilized and intelligent after he has come to realize how fair civilization and intelligence are. In all of Wells's new book there is nothing which he himself has not said several times before, but withal there is his unquenchable enthusiasm which keeps his work from being ever really stale.

J. W. KRUTCH

A Great Queen

Catherine de Médicis. By Paul Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. $9.

THIS is the first English biography of Catherine de Médicis based on original sources. Owing to the difficulty of documentation, no doubt, historians long shunned the subject. To be sure, ten volumes of Catherine's letters were available; and various aspects of her life had been treated. But there remained, imperfectly explored, the archives of England, France, Switzerland, and especially Italy. Thanks to Mr. Van Dyke's researches in those countries, he has utilized some 3,000 new extracts from letters and documents. However, he has avoided technical details, since his book is intended for people without training in history as well as for specialists.

But it would be impossible to understand the life of Catherine de Médicis without some knowledge of the national and international events in which for thirty years she exerted a very potent influence. Although constantly preoccupied with domestic politics and the interests of her children, Catherine never lost contact with world events like the Renascence, the upheaval in religion, and the struggle between France and the house of Austria. To such salient features of his subject Mr. Van Dyke has wisely devoted sufficient space to lend to the whole a substantial background.

Descended from a family of wealthy Florentine merchants, Catherine was born to large expectations. But the wisest seer could not have foretold that she was destined to be regent of France, the mother of three kings, two queens, a duke, and a duchess. Left at birth without parents, the young heiress became a pawn on the political chessboard. At the age of fourteen she was married to Henry, the second son of Francis I. But the upper French nobility regarded her with contempt. Indeed, for a decade Catherine feared repudiation for her failure to bear Henry an heir. Nor did the ten children that she brought her husband in the next thirteen years suffice to win him away from his favorite mistress, Diane de Poitiers.

Mr. Van Dyke has vividly depicted Catherine's existence as a submissive wife and devoted mother during Henry's reign: her love of display and sports, her stifled jealousy, the tact with which she discouraged licentiousness, conciliated political factions, overcame the King's dislike of Italians, and flattered both Catholics and Protestants. During Henry's campaign on the Rhine, the Queen as regent was surprisingly successful. This first taste of authority, so stimulating to her ambition, foreshadowed her career after 1559. Yet much as Catherine

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coveted political power, she certainly did not welcome it at the cost of Henry's life. Of all her sorrows—she lost nine of her ten children—the most grievous was the death of her husband.

As the author makes clear in his illuminating account of the Renascence and the Reformation, conditions in France after 1559 would have defied the efforts of the most sagacious queen regent of history. Henry II had left the country almost bankrupt, seething with factional quarrels, and hopelessly divided over religion. How then could his weak, neurotic sons command obedience? The wonder is that their mother succeeded as well as she did. True, she was a better matchmaker than statesman: she placed marriage of her children above the national weal. But in spite of such shortcomings, her marvelous tenacity and power of persuasion often accomplished the seemingly impossible. Like Elizabeth of England, she was astute, resourceful, and unscrupulous. Like Elizabeth, too, she knew when to threaten and when to cajole. Some historians have sneered at what M. Mariéjol terms Catherine's "politique de bascule, de compromis et de concessions," with which she played one faction against another; but none of these critics has suggested a better policy. We seriously doubt whether even a Richelieu could have controlled the situation that confronted Henry's widow.

Thus extenuating circumstances make the St. Bartholomew massacre seem less odious. While all historians charge that appalling crime chiefly to Charles IX's mother, they are coming to realize that she at first intended the assassination of only Coligny. Had this been accomplished as planned, there would probably have resulted no general slaughter. Mr. Van Dyke believes that up to 1572 Catherine had not had the remotest connection with the death of any person. Similarly he dismisses as absurd the perversity and fantastic crimes afterwards attributed to this queen.

Obviously Catherine de Médicis should be judged by the standards of her age—ethics which virtually sanctioned political murder. Says Mr. Van Dyke: "At the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre, the laws of all European countries, Protestant and Catholic alike, punished heresy with death." Nor does he hold the French Protestants guiltless. "No one who knows the sixteenth century," he affirms, "can suppose for a moment that what the Huguenot churches really wanted was simply liberty of worship. They looked forward ultimately to substituting their religion for Roman Catholicism and to a suppression of orthodoxy such as had taken place in England." On the contrary, Catherine, very far from religious fanaticism, was anxious to have established in the church modifications that would effect a reunion of Christendom. While Mr. Van Dyke naturally produces some very damaging evidence against "the indomitable old woman," he wholeheartedly admires her encouragement of the arts, her amazing energy and unfailing optimism. But instead of pronouncing a judgment, he has sought to draw a portrait—a purpose fully achieved. Happily, too, this masterly central portrait is enhanced by the excellence of those grouped around it: such personages as the Queen's children, the Guises, Coligny, Henry of Navarre, L'Hôpital, and the Constable.

A less commendable feature of the two opulent volumes is the burdensome length of their letters and documents, parts of which should have been given largely in substance. Further, a lack of dates adds to the reader's mental strain, frequently increased by an absence of punctuation. Here and there astonishingly careless English has crept in, for example: "few personages so many of whose words have survived as Catherine de Médicis" (I, V); "a letter to the Grand Master whose spelling (the spelling of which) is illiterate" (I, 31); "a sign whose meaning none but they knew" (II, 258); "tell me who I can trust?" (II, 282). Notwithstanding such minor details, Mr. Van Dyke's "Catherine de Médicis" is a monumental biography, equal in every way to M. Mariéjol's admirable French monograph on the same subject.

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

Essays and Reminiscence

The Nineteen Hundreds. By Horace Wyndham. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

Earlham. By Percy Lubbock. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

Books and Authors. By Robert Lynd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

IT is not a novel experience to meet nobodies, shoals of them, in the current volumes of reminiscence. But it is distinctly exhilarating to find them sailing candidly and ingenuously under their own true colors. "I prefer the nobodies," says Mr. Wyndham. So he builds his book from a memory richly stored with anecdotes of the nonentities of London's literary, artistic, and journalistic life, and the dimly recollected somebodies who always manage to cling to the outer fringe of the current fashions in thought and manners. While his major interest did lie in Grub Street and among the little clubs of London's Bohemia, Mr. Wyndham caught a goodly number of celebrities, so that his memoirs are pleasantly studded with the names of such lions of the British fine arts as Oscar Wilde, Somerset Maugham, Frank Harris, J. M. Barrie, W. S. Gilbert, Mrs. Langtry, and Arnold Bennett.

"The Nineteen Hundreds" is an excellent book for readers who are not seeking information on literature, politics, journalism, art, or society. It is admirably designed for the uses of tired clubmen with some notion of the historical character of British urban life. Its place is the club lounge; its time, fifteen minutes before dinner and a half hour afterwards. Mr. Wyndham writes with as much vivacity and as jaunty a wit as any of the recent collectors of memorabilia, and somewhat more of discretion in reciting droll tales concerning the living and recently dead.

Marius the Epicurean was a prig. The circumstance makes it something of a gratuitous thrust to compare Marius and Mr. Percy Lubbock. Yet "Earlham," Mr. Lubbock's volume of childhood reminiscences, shows him clearly to have inherited in great part the golden mood of retrospect which gave Marius to the world. Substitute the lights and shadows of Mr. Lubbock's childhood home for White-nights, the garden at Earlham and the river Yare for the decaying landscape of the Roman campagna, omit the languorous, self-conscious imagination of Marius, add more than a touch of sly humor and healthy objectivity—and you have the genealogy of "Earlham," a volume which embodies, whether consciously or no, the more respectable line of descent from Walter Pater's epicureanism.

Robert Lynd, literary critic of the London *Daily News*, has assembled in "Books and Authors" some thirty-three of his flying pieces, classified as "More or Less Ancient" and "More or Less Modern." In each little essay Mr. Lynd gives touch-and-go consideration to such literary figures of the past and present as Hugo, Herrick, Molière, Burke, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Poe, Hawthorne, Beerbohm, Conrad, Wells, Vachel Lindsay, and T. S. Eliot.

Mr. Lynd is master of the well-made sentence, of startling paradox, of neat phrases which give the picturesque fillip so much sought after in compact, familiar little journalistic essays. Mr. Lynd minds his own critical opinions, too. He echoes with somewhat diminished effectiveness the dicta of Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold that the critic "must portray in an author, not only an author, but a man." So he develops the familiar touch. "Charles Lamb was a small, flat-footed man whose eyes were of different colours and who stammered." "Herrick was a gross and good-natured clergyman who had a double chin." "Byron was a guttersnipe in scarlet and ermine." "Mr. Bennett is at once a connoisseur and a card." Mr. Lynd's draught as a critic of literature is not great. He trims his sails shrewdly, and lays his course in the safe channels clearly marked by well-established, enlightened contemporary taste. And he has a special merit in his faculty for concreteness and personality of style.

GERALD HEWES CARSON

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Follies of Imperial Germany

Lebenserinnerungen und Politische Denkwürdigkeiten. Von Baron von Eckardstein. Drei Bände. Leipzig: Paul List. 1919-1921.

Zur Vorgeschichte des Weltkrieges. Von Otto Hammann. Berlin: Reimar Hobbing. 1919.

Der Missverstandene Bismarck. Zwanzig Jahre Deutscher Weltpolitik. Von Otto Hammann. Berlin: Reimar Hobbing. 1921.

Bilder aus der letzten Kaiserzeit. Von Otto Hammann. Berlin: Reimar Hobbing. 1922.

Die Aera Bülow. Von Johannes Haller. Stuttgart-Berlin: J. G. Cotta'sche Buchh. Nachf. 1922.

THE English historian G. P. Gooch wrote in the Manchester *Guardian* of February 27, 1922, in an article on Lord Grey's Foreign Policy: "No one can have a lower opinion of German statesmanship since Bismarck than myself; but the dominant impression which a close study leaves on my mind is its incredible folly rather than its wickedness." The books under review prove the correctness of this statement. Four men, the Kaiser, Prince Bülow, von Holstein, and Admiral Tirpitz, are chiefly responsible for the fateful trend of Germany's policy since Bismarck was dismissed in March, 1890. The Emperor was barely conscious of the role he played; he was one of those who mean well but unwittingly do mischief. Tirpitz and Bülow had a strong hold on him; Tirpitz because of his determined personality, and Bülow because he knew how to keep the Emperor in good humor. William's bravado, his saber-rattling, his trumpeting words were much more the emanation of a desire for theatrical show than of a lust for war.

In the years between 1898 and 1901 the fate of Germany was decided, for during that period England made three proposals for an alliance. The details were revealed at the close of the Great War, to the utter surprise of the Germans, by Baron von Eckardstein, formerly Botschaftsrat at the German embassy in London, who personally carried on most of the negotiations, and by Otto Hammann, who was at the head of the press department of the German Foreign Office from 1894 until after the outbreak of the war. These negotiations came to naught through the crankiness of Holstein, who virtually directed the foreign policy of Germany.

Bismarck had already warned the Emperor that Holstein should be allowed to work only under supervision, and is said to have nicknamed him "the man with the hyena-eyes"; and Bismarck's son Herbert advised Bülow to drag the "snake" into the light of day or dismiss him. Instead Holstein intrigued so cleverly that he got a strong hold on Bülow, so that Professor Haller rightly speaks of a "Holstein era" lasting from 1897 to 1906, when Holstein was finally dismissed.

The diplomatic documents published by the German Foreign Office have proved that Bismarck after 1870 did his utmost to keep the peace of Europe and fervently desired to have England join the Triple Alliance. The British statesmen looked favorably upon the Chancellor's advances, but for parliamentary reasons were satisfied to continue in mere friendly relations. Toward the end of the century, however, they began to be uncomfortable in their "splendid isolation." Joseph Chamberlain was then the guiding spirit in the Salisbury Cabinet. After the Jameson Raid in 1896 came, in 1898, the violent quarrel with France about Fashoda, and this was followed in October, 1899, by the outbreak of the Boer War. At the same time Britain was on poor terms with Russia, which was threatening the trade interests of England in North China. The British Government felt the necessity of having a real ally on the Continent and turned, in the spring of 1898, to Germany.

During the early stages of the Boer War, when England was suffering reverses, Russia and France cautiously approached Germany, suggesting a continental coalition against England. The Emperor declined and hastened to inform his grandmother, Queen Victoria, and the Prince of Wales, of this proposal, which Russia vainly renewed in October, 1901. England twice repeated the offer to Germany of a definite alliance, the last time early in 1901 after the accession of Edward VII to the throne. An alliance with England obviously meant for Germany increased tension with France (especially as England proposed to divide Morocco with Germany) and impaired relations with Russia. Holstein himself desired the alliance, but he apprehended a speedy war with Russia which would be for the benefit of England, and he was not willing to pull England's chestnuts out of the fire. Lord Salisbury finally went so far as to propose a defensive alliance which should become operative only if one of the parties concerned was attacked by *two* Powers. But Holstein demanded that Austria-Hungary should be included in the compact; and the British ministers refused to compromise themselves in an alliance with a country which showed such signs of disintegration as the Dual Monarchy. The negotiations dragged on for more than three years. In the end the English statesmen made it clear that if they did not come to an understanding with Germany they would settle their differences with France and Russia, even at a big sacrifice in Morocco, Persia, etc., warnings which Holstein believed to be mere bluff: it was his deep-rooted conviction that England and Russia could never be friends. The consequence was the Entente Cordiale of April 8, 1904, and the entente with Russia of August 31, 1907.

Holstein's mentality and Bülow's carelessness were responsible for the fatal mistake. Bülow left Holstein in power. During the first Morocco crisis in 1905-1906, Holstein secretly worked for a rupture with France. He kept the Chancellor in the dark. In France Delcassé also was working for war, and therefore was dismissed in June, 1905. When Bülow realized whither Holstein's policy might lead, he finally took up the reins himself, and peace was insured. Holstein asked for his dismissal, an oft-repeated request, which this time was promptly accepted—to his great surprise.

Meanwhile Admiral von Tirpitz, Secretary of the Navy since 1897, had come to the foreground. It was his idea to build such a fleet that England would consider it too risky to attack it. With the navy law of 1900 Germany departed from Bismarckian policy; Tirpitz's program meant the deathly enmity of Great Britain. The Emperor was only too easily carried along. When Bethmann-Hollweg became Chancellor in 1909 he worked for a better understanding with England, and Tirpitz was his chief stumbling-block. The former British Minister of War, Lord Haldane, who knew Tirpitz fairly well, wrote in 1920: "I do not think that Admiral Tirpitz wanted actual war." But by 1912 things had developed so far that there were other stumbling-blocks. The Russian ambassador in Paris, Isvolski, for instance, wrote to the Russian Foreign Minister, Sazonov, that "in consequence of the celebrated visit of Lord Haldane to Berlin [in February, 1912] Germany had made an absolutely concrete proposition to England to enter into a written agreement according to which the British Cabinet was to preserve its neutrality in case Germany found itself involved in a war which it had not provoked itself. The London Cabinet informed M. Poincaré and hesitated apparently to accept or refuse this proposition. M. Poincaré pronounced himself in the most categorical way against any engagement of such a kind." He threatened a complete rupture, and, Isvolski continued, "the objection put forth had the expected result and the London Cabinet declined the German proposition, which provoked great discontent in Berlin."

Johannes Haller, professor of history at the University of Tübingen, writes about Germany's lost opportunities with a bitter heart. His book is a severe and scathing indictment of the follies from the end of the nineteenth century to the year 1909. Otto Hammann takes a more detached view. He is one of the very few initiated persons who was in almost daily contact with the chief actors. "The Misunderstood Bismarck" covers the period from 1890 to the Bosnian crisis of 1908. In

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his newest book, "Bilder aus der letzten Kaiserzeit," he describes the personalities and ideas of such men as Holstein, Bülow, Tirpitz, Bethmann-Hollweg, and the Emperor, revealing some of their unpublished letters and documents. The reader will come to the conclusion that Holstein was one of the most sinister figures in the history of imperial Germany. One of the nicknames that most stuck to him was the "Gray Eminence." His influence has proved to be more than gray. But as far as the war guilt is concerned the serious student will share the view expressed under the title They All Lied in *The Nation* of October 11, 1922: "Divided responsibility indeed, both in the years and in the days preceding the war."

HERMANN LUTZ

A Textbook on Literature

A History of French Literature. From the Earliest Times to the Great War. By William A. Nitze and E. Preston Dargan. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

IT is probably because the critics who recognize the beauty and significance of contemporary letters are engaged in establishing the value of this epoch's creative effort that the writing of histories of literature is left to those who believe the production of worthwhile literary work ceased about thirty years ago. This unfortunate circumstance has been as characteristic of every age and tongue as it is of our own, and it is most especially true of French literature. Despite a growing revolt on the part of her liberal scholars, France teaches her youth, through textbook and general survey, all the prejudices of Brunetière and Bourget, incorporated into their *petites histoires* by such petty pedagogues as Abry, Audic, and Crouzet.

Hence one can appreciate the thrill of discovery that was mine when I saw in the table of contents that one-tenth of this large, solid volume was concerned with the writings of our own times. It was even more thrilling to think that American students had done for French literature what the French want and need but have not yet been able to accomplish. These suppositions only increased the disappointment which followed further research.

Valuable though their work is as a limited "Who's Who" of modern French writers; dignified and intelligent though it is in comparison with the inanities of French pedagogues, Professors Nitze and Dargan have done nothing more in the chapters dealing with the literature of the past thirty or forty years than to transcribe the antagonisms of Brunetière toward the work of his contemporaries and to project that critic's narrow vision upon the literary achievements of the decade between his death and the war. Lacking his passionate opinions, the authors are unconvincing in their decisions, and in view of recent developments, they appear unsound in their judgments. It is unsound, for example, to ignore the influence, the power, and the intrinsic worth of Remy de Gourmont and to dismiss him in these lines: "Gourmont is also a sort of Intuitionist with regard to aesthetic theories. Following Bergson in the 'dissociation des idées,' he is led by this analysis into a corrosive and pernicious immoralism, especially in poetry and fiction. His criticism is likewise based on a sensual principle, but shows genuine gifts of divination and taste."

In fact, the professors are particularly unfortunate in their summaries and generalizations. They revel in labels, and in their efforts at condensation make these labels meaningless or ridiculous. "Zola lived largely as a recluse, and he was not an artist; his fiction suffers from these handicaps." This of the man who wrote "Art is life seen through a temperament"! And again: "In the meantime, the brothers had founded naturalism, of the low life kind, in 'Germinie Lacerteux.' . . . The Goncourt brothers were a complicated pair, and accordingly their work is composed of strangely mixed materials."

That the authors have not availed themselves of the opportunity to make a vital contribution to the study of French literature is obvious. Their treatment of the moderns is wholly inadequate, but the earlier periods receive more extensive and careful consideration. Here, too, though now on familiar ground, they are interested in rating rather than in evaluating the subjects, and they are exceedingly liberal in this rating. So far as I can judge, they have borrowed the superlatives from the partisans of each writer to impress upon the student that whatever was is good.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Presbyterian Demons

Demonism Verified and Analyzed. By Rev. Hugh W. White. The Presbyterian Committee of Publication. Priceless.

MISGUIDED modernists struggle along under the mistaken impression that demons (except for such imps as the beloved demon rum, the comforting demon nicotine, and the flapper demon soda-pop), after flourishing from Jerusalem to Salem, Massachusetts, were formally discovered to be nothing but a mob neurosis, or an individual case of poorly digested *gefüllte fisch* or mince pie. Nothing is closer to the false. Demons are in again, take it, as we do, from the Presbyterian Committee of Publications. The Rev. Mr. White refers casually to well-authenticated (we have his word for it) cases of demonism today in China, New Zealand, Mongolia, Japan, Korea, India, Africa, Germany, the Moslem lands, Mexico, and even New England. We have often wondered as to the motivating agency behind the Ku Klux Klan, normalcy, the popularity of Dr. Frank Crane, and the letters of statesman Hylan to statesman Hearst. Let us look further into this matter.

The Rev. Mr. White reports 368 cases of demons, of which 304 Chinese ones came under his own observation. Case No. 58, a Mrs. Ts'wei, had at first 125 demons, of which 120 had left her before he saw her. She was cured, in part, by the use of the name "Jesus," which is apparently respected by the most hardened devil. "Superstition," defines Mr. White, "is the erroneous attributing of phenomena in nature to direct arbitrary volition by spirits, to the denial or exclusion of scientific principles." In his victory over superstition, based upon scientific principles, he comes to the conclusion: "That there is a Satan and that Satan is responsible for demonism is put beyond question by the fact that the lines of demarcation between the countries which have not demonism and those which have it coincide with the limits of Christian influence." His religious geography may be excused as partly superstitious, since Germany, Mexico, and New England are three countries which have demons, and therefore, by his implication, are non-Christian. He implies further, of course, that Satan is not in Christian countries. And Satan inspires all sin and wickedness: for instance, "for the cause of lust and cruelty . . . no adequate interpretation has been found except on the hypothesis of a Satan with power to suggest." And Satan is not in this Christian land: neither in Yonkers nor Hoboken, not where Hohokus purls nor where Secaucus towers, not among the dives of Coney Island nor the vinous reaches of Milwaukee, Kokomo, and Keokuk, is there the faintest print of the cloven heel and the cloven soul, of the forked tail and the brimstone breath. There is—there can be—no crime wave. Let the burglars, lynchers, hold-up men, kidnappers, firebugs, motor murderers, bootleggers, and all the moral rest of our citizens repeat with Suey, the leading Chinese psychic healer, "Day by day, in every way, we're getting moraler and moraler."

These demons—and Healer Hickson, says the Rev. Mr. White, wrote him that he cured 200 cases at one meeting in India—are possessed chiefly by the fox and weasel spirits and speak English fluently with the tongues of illiterate Chinese who know no English. A headache, says Mr. White, may often be recognized as incipient demonism; there can be no headache in Christian countries—it is an error of mortal mind. A later work by the same author may establish the actual existence of men who are devils in their own home towns, and even of cigarette

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fiends, bridge fiends, and golf fiends. Thus modern science tramples superstition into the soil. Have you a little demon in your home?

CLEMENT WOOD

The Tramping Methodist

The Tramping Methodist. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

EVERYONE who has read "Joanna Godden" and "Green Apple Harvest" will wish to read the reprint of Miss Kaye-Smith's first book, "The Tramping Methodist," in eager search for personalities as intense and troublesome and appealing as either Joanna or Bob Fuller of the later novels. These two book people are so living that they penetrate one's subconscious knowledge of men and women and are added, like real people, to one's accumulated understanding of human conduct. Humphrey Lyte, the tramping methodist, is a less complicated person than the wrong-headed and magnificent Joanna or than that other wayward preacher, Bob Fuller of "Green Apple Harvest." His loves and his spiritual enthusiasms take him less hard, yet he is none the less real.

"The Tramping Methodist" is an extraordinary book for a girl hardly out of her teens to have written. Unified and swift, and because less subtle, perhaps more of a piece than the later novels, it is preeminently "a good story," reminiscent a trifle of "David Balfour" in the drama and romance of its narrative —a Stevensonian likeness which disappears in the later work. If one also compares Miss Kaye-Smith to Hardy in her reproduction of the soil and contour, of the quality and essence of her Sussex, it does not mean that she is an imitative writer. Indeed, to me she is one of the two or three women now writing really original fiction. For she does not merely expound an environment or a point of view—an accomplishment which we are apt to acclaim as art in America today—what she does is to get inside the souls of her characters to extract the ferment which is a novel. Therefore she does more than to give us a picture of nineteenth century evangelical England against the detailed background of a Sussex farming community, she shows us within the limits of environment and point of view, the working of that uncomfortable spiritual yeast which is in all men, though lacking in most of the Babbitts and moon-calves of the modern novel.

KATHARINE SERGEANT ANGELL

Reality and Imperfection

City Block. By Waldo Frank. Published by Waldo Frank. $7.

AMONG recent books "City Block" stands out as unusual both in conception and execution. There is not, in the whole collection, anything that suggests the work of other contemporary writers; unless, perhaps, the treatment of some scenes faintly recalls Evelyn Scott. Few of the stories have any plot. The theme of each is a mental or spiritual tragedy revealed by the characters' minds, as wheels revolving in a machine exhibit its motive and purpose. When the workings of these minds are not too vaguely expressed, the author's thorough acquaintance with the cloud of miseries that envelops the city, his insight, and his power of description make him peculiarly successful. In Murder, Under the Dome, and The Table, the consistently destructive power over the life of the man or woman moves sullenly to its inevitable end. Mr. Frank has taken for the keynote of his book this sentence from Spinoza: "By reality and perfection I understand the same thing." But he seems unaware that he can weaken or destroy this impression of reality by irrelevant excursions into symbolism and sentimentality.

Side by side with the burning presentation of minds like Meyer Lanich's and Lotte Rabinowich's, which are crucified in the intensity of their misery, is placed the wandering, second-rate sketch of John the Baptist. Side by side with the ruthless picture in Murder are the unconvincing and hysterical reactions of Clarence Lipper, Patrick Broaddus, Paula Dessyn, Luis Ajala Dennis. Genuine emotion like fire warms with its own heat; the gas log of sentimentality is a cold, blue flicker in comparison.

Six of the fourteen stories are decidedly superior. They are Murder, Under the Dome (two stories), The Table, Candles, and Charity. Their action moves slowly but they reveal in cruel light every corner of that cabinet of curiosities, the human heart. The manuscripts of Under the Dome would be a distinctive beginning for another collection. They are singularly representative and moving, in both subject and treatment. The Altar of the World is strong and interesting but there is too much of it.

Throughout the book the writing is, for the most part, powerful and original. There are unusual figures and much vitality in the descriptions. If sympathy for your characters, suffering with them, is an important element in fiction, the author has stood the test in a notable half dozen instances. Sophie, Lanich, Lotte, Godfrey and Dora, Rudd we cannot forget. Their tragedies are before us as charred scaffoldings of houses, burned before their building was completed. The book is an achievement. It is not homogeneous, it is singularly uneven. But it is the best work Mr. Frank has yet done.

LAURA BENÉT

Criminological Wisdom and Unwisdom

The Psychology of the Criminal. By M. Hamblin Smith, M.A., M.D. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

Crime. Its Cause and Treatment. By Clarence Darrow. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.50.

In the Clutch of Circumstance. My Own Story by a Burglar. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

DR. M. HAMBLIN SMITH, who is medical officer of H. M. Prison at Birmingham, England, and a lecturer on criminology, has as his thesis that conduct being the result of mental life, the intensive investigation of the cases of individual criminals "is the road to the solution of the problems of criminality." Maybe so. But psychoanalysis aided by some scheme of mental tests will not do the whole bag of tricks. The "problems of criminality" are not all or solely individual problems. Some are social and require for their solution fundamental social adjustments.

If Dr. Smith cannot vaunt any startling contribution to the rather meager science of criminology, he has at least put behind him the conventional views. Those who still applaud the imprisonment of men and women for political or economic opinion will probably write him down as a dangerous radical after reading this sentence: "Eternal principles of right and justice may exist, but our limited intelligences are unable to discover what these principles are." Such folk and all others whose god of salvation is brute force, indeed every one, can read his book with great profit.

Mr. Darrow's treatise is frankly popular, which serves to explain why it has reached a third printing. It comes from the reflections and experiences of more than a generation spent in the courts. He writes in lawyer-like fashion, rather prolixly, but as one of refreshingly liberal views even if he does obtrude his own opinions as pretty final. To say that he has tried to present the most recent scientific thought and investigation in the domain of human conduct would be far fetched. He brushes that field very hastily and gives one the impression of making light of the only real advance made in modern criminology.

Mr. Darrow probably would be the last man to contend that he has made a scientific contribution to our knowledge of the origin of crime; and in respect to its treatment he naturally has not discovered a specific. Even so he will probably be accused by the befogged multitude of a dangerously lenient attitude toward the criminal. He is intensely human and does not forget that the wrongdoer is like unto ourselves. The book is refreshing in contrast to the usual professional preachment.

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Mark Twain's burglar has written the story of his life, and it is like many of its kind in that it points the everlasting moral of the reformed criminal. Not that one should for a moment disparage his sincerity or make jest of his presentments; but its fame will rest largely on the fact that his last burglarious exploit was an attempt to rifle the house of the great humorist. It is good reading. JOHN KOREN

Books in Brief

Poems from "Life." With Introductory Words by Oliver Herford. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A companion volume to Poems from "Punch" (1922), and for American purposes better. For this meridian no richer collection of humorous verse has appeared in years. The introduction not only is funny, but deserves to be crowned for its remark that Meredith's Essay on the Comic is "stuffed with straw." It is.

Reconstruction in France. By William MacDonald. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This book is an attempt at a "comprehensive survey of the unparalleled work which France has done in the restoration of its invaded departments." The author has spared himself no pains in assembling a mass of documentary material, historical, statistical, legislative, administrative, and what not, the very profusion of which almost blurs the picture and benumbs by its weight. The deeper meaning of devastation by war does not seem to occupy him greatly.

Modern History. By Carleton J. H. Hayes and Parker Thomas Moon. The Macmillan Company. $2.40.

Unlike the history books which fell to the lot of the reviewer when a student, this book possesses a continuity which the writers' topical (instead of chronological) treatment in no wise weakens. Messrs. Hayes and Moon courageously flout the notion that so-called epochs form arbitrary divisions to that continuous flow of human activity we know as history and give a deservedly lesser place to those heretofore overrated departments of history, royal biography, and genealogy. There is no attempt here to befuddle our memories with an accumulation of dates and names to the utter destruction of historical perspective. The authors have hewed closely to the line of the precept enunciated in their preface: "It is less important that the secondary school student should nod at a large number of persons and things than that he should know thoroughly the really significant facts and people." This volume contains adequate illustrations, plentiful references, a chronology which takes its place as an appendix and, what will most delight the adventuresome schoolboy heart, references to historical fiction, Henty not excluded.

Development of Social Theory. By James P. Lichtenberger. The Century Company. $4.

This work is the result of Professor Lichtenberger's courses in the history of social theory at the University of Pennsylvania. Each theory discussed is first given a background in a sketch of the social and political conditions existing during the time and at the place of its formulation; there is then presented a sketch of the personality of the man who is associated with it, and then the theory itself. Beginning with Plato, the author treats of Aristotle, the later Greeks and early Roman writers, the early Christians, Machiavelli, the writers of the Reformation and of the French Revolution, before he attempts to deal with the theories of men who are generally classed as sociologists. He discusses Comte, the evolutionary school, Spencer, Lester Ward, Tarde, Gumplowicz, and Ratzenhoffer; such men as Giddings, Cooley, and the German social philosophers seem neglected, although they are touched on in connection with the others. The work should be splendid as a textbook for such courses as Professor Lichtenberger's.

Drama

Dunsany

Plays of Gods and Men. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

Plays of Near and Far. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

IT was in 1915 that Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theater gave the first performances of plays by Lord Dunsany in New York. One remembers especially "The Gods of the Mountains" and "The Sword of King Argimenes." One remembers, across all the intervening years and their many brilliant and interesting theatrical events, the sharp, massive, magical colors and architectural contours of those productions, the strange beauty of spears and helmets and thrones and pillars and breast-plates and greaves, the sensitiveness and power with which Mr. Walker grasped and embodied the imaginings of the only genuinely mythopoeic writer of this generation.

That is the brief but necessary definition of Lord Dunsany's talent. To him myth is not instrument but substance. His plays, in his own words, are not allegories. Neither are they symbols except in so far as all that is human is symbolic. His place, therefore, is apart from the practitioners of the neo-romantic drama—Yeats and Hofmannsthal and even Shaw and Hauptmann in their latest phases. He has no theories, not even favorite truths. He tells himself somber fairy tales. We overhear them. He is not naive; he has no affiliation with his folk. His art is not an art of union; it is an art of flight. He escapes from his country, people, world as too troubling, subtle, intricate, and dreams of desert kingdoms that were old when Helen was not yet grown to womanhood.

The prevailing tone of these mythopoeic dramas is dark. Men and things dash themselves against a granite fate. But this is merely a matter of tone, of mood; it is an artistic and not a philosophical method and is to be ranked and appreciated with the velvety cruelty of the dialogue, with the invention of that marvelous nomenclature which has the timbre of muffled kettle-drums heard across vast spaces. Other moods come to Dunsany rarely and as though by chance. There is the eternal yearning for freedom in that lovely play "The Tents of the Arabs"; there is the withering estimate of cheap astuteness, of the wisdom of this world, in "A Night at an Inn." But in "The Laughter of the Gods" and in "The Compromise of the King of the Golden Isles" he returns to that overwhelming sense of the inscrutable and relentless character of human fate which he has found so fruitful an artistic mood.

It is a curious fact but none the less a fact that these plays are not felt to be monotonous despite the monotone of their dominant key. Dunsany is a highly concrete writer. He is a born story-teller. He is so good a story-teller that he does not need intrigue which is but the refuge of the barren. You are breathless over his tales as mere tales. Which cup will the King of the Golden Isles drink? Consider that one of them contains a poison that "is no common poison, but a thing so strange and deadly that the serpents of Lebutharna go in fear of it." Which? That is what I call a thrilling question—thrilling, beautiful, and remote. Remote, thank heaven! Which shows that Dunsany's art of escape triumphs. I can see the gorges of Lebutharna; I can see its wise and wary serpents. Their fangs are as terrible as ever because they never were. To shudder at them—there is an aesthetic experience that is as purely delightful as the reading of childhood.

The playlets of contemporary life, "Cheezo," "If Shakespeare Lived Today," and "Fame and the Poet," are keenly thought out and executed with an almost Shavian pointedness and speed. But other men could have written them. There is only one guide to Barbul-el-Sharnak, only one to the city of Thalanna that is at the edge of the great desert, only one to the golden islands of King Hamaran. LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Poland: A Danger Spot

By ROBERT DELL

Berlin, June 6

THE change of Ministry in Poland is an ominous symptom. The late Government was on the whole the best that Poland has yet had. I met the late Prime Minister, General Sikorski, during a recent visit to Warsaw. He struck me as being a reasonable man with some sense of realities—a quality rare in Poland—and, although a general, he is not a militarist. He showed an independence hitherto unusual in Polish politicians in his refusal to comply with the French demand that Poland should take military action against Germany in support of the invasion of the Ruhr. It is possible that French intrigue has contributed to his fall, but the chief cause of his defeat in the Diet by a reactionary coalition was that, nationalist as he is, his nationalism is not sufficiently fervid and intolerant to satisfy the anti-Semitic fanatics.

General Sikorski's successor, M. Witos, is the leader of the right wing of the Peasant Party. During his previous term of office—he was Prime Minister from July, 1920, to September, 1921—his policy in home affairs was more or less progressive and his foreign policy was moderate and prudent, but he has now become the nominal leader and actual tool of a coalition in which the extreme right predominates. To get the support of the National Democrats (the party of the extreme right) M. Witos has thrown over his program of drastic agrarian reform and consented to accept as Minister of Foreign Affairs M. Seyda, whose brother held the same office a couple of years ago and who is a creature of M. Dmowski, perhaps the most dangerous reactionary in Poland. M. Dmowski, who will be the real head of the new Government although he is not a member of it, was an agent of the Czarist government in Poland before the war. He is still pro-Russian, but bitterly anti-Bolshevik, is in close touch with all the Russian *émigrés* and reactionaries, and is a favorite of the Quai d'Orsay.

It is not surprising that the practical advent of M. Dmowski to power has caused alarm in Europe. Marshal Foch's recent tour in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia has been interpreted by many people in England as a sign that France is organizing a new war on Russia and the change of government in Poland is taken by the same people to mean that this war is imminent. I believe this to be a mistake. The French Government does not now want a war against Russia. On the contrary its policy is rather to turn the Anglo-Russian quarrel to the advantage of France and, if possible, come to terms with the Russian Government. I am convinced that Czecho-Slovakia would not join in any war against Russia. The Czechs profoundly distrust the Poles and are alarmed at the effects on Germany of French policy, for they know that the ruin of Germany would be disastrous to Czecho-Slovakia, which is already suffering severely from the loss of the German market. My impression during my recent visit to Poland was that no party even there wants war. In the present state of Poland a war, even if victorious, would probably be national suicide.

The real danger, in my judgment, is not war between Poland and Russia but a Polish coup against Danzig. That would be quite easy—for the Free City of Danzig is unarmed—and it would be very popular in Poland. Moreover, it is probable that France is encouraging Poland to repeat against Danzig the tactics that were so successful in the case of Vilna. An attack on Danzig would be an open defiance of the League of Nations, but the Poles successfully defied the League in the case of Vilna and received the august sanction of the Council of Ambassadors. They know that unanimity could not be obtained on the Council of the League for any action against them.

The constant friction between Poland and the Free City of Danzig, which is at present more acute than usual, is the inevitable consequence of the most absurd territorial arrangement in history. I spent a few days at Danzig on my way to Poland, and came away more than ever convinced that the present system can never work. That indeed is the only point on which the Poles and the inhabitants of Danzig are agreed. For example, the harbor is under the control of a board composed of an equal number of Poles and representatives of Danzig with a Swiss chairman appointed by the League of Nations. The representatives of Poland and Danzig on the board never agree on anything and the unfortunate chairman has to decide between them as best he can. His decisions are invariably disapproved by one side or the other—sometimes by both. Moreover, since the harbor belongs neither to Poland nor to Danzig, neither will find the money required for necessary improvements. The High Commissioner is in the same position as the chairman of the harbor board. He has to decide between the Poles and the city of Danzig on every question that arises, and one side or the other invariably appeals to the League of Nations against his decision. In fact, the system has reached a deadlock and a change is urgently necessary. The Polish solution is the annexation of Danzig and the whole of Eastern Prussia, but that would only make matters worse. The only real solution is to restore Danzig and the Polish "corridor" to Germany, to internationalize the Vistula and make it navigable for big ships, and to give Poland a port at its mouth. That was the solution proposed by Germany to Poland immediately after the armistice, and Marshal Pilsudski would have accepted it had not the French Government and the Polish National Committee in Paris intervened. The Polish "corridor" cutting German territory in two is an intolerable grievance which, as a high official of the Polish Government admitted to me, Germany can never be expected to accept. A Polish visa is required for merely crossing the "corridor," except in the case of one through train each way between Berlin and Königsberg, with the result that the inhabitants of the adjacent German territory have to get such a visa every time they go to Danzig, which is of course the center for a large district. It takes two or three days to get the visa, and the fee for it is 32 French francs—at today's exchange 115,000 marks. As a member of the Government of Danzig said to me, "we are obliged to give the Poles free access to the sea, but they deny us free access to the land."

From the point of view of home policy the change of government is as bad as from that of foreign policy. The anti-Semites are now in power, and the Jews and other

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racial minorities are likely to be treated worse than ever. The annexation of Eastern Galicia, where the Poles are in a small minority, has greatly increased the non-Polish population, which is now about 44 per cent of the whole. Two Polish provinces, Volhynia and Polesia, did not at the last general election return a single Polish deputy. The Ukrainians will never accept Polish domination and, if the Poles insist on holding all the territory that they have acquired, disintegration is sooner or later inevitable. Next time Poland is at war, two-fifths of its population will be on the side of the enemy.

Nor is there any hope that the new Government will diminish military expenditure, which is at present about 40 per cent of the whole expenditure of the country. The army is the only flourishing institution in Poland. Every sou of the French loans to Poland has been spent on it. Those loans have taken the form of credits for the purchase of war material in France. Not one penny has the French Government ever given for the real needs of Poland.

If the Polish state is bankrupt, Polish industry is so much crippled by lack of capital that manufacturers have to borrow money at usurious rates to pay their wages and current expenses. Polish industry is otherwise flourishing and has a great future if it can get the capital that it requires. Additional capital can be got only from abroad and foreign capitalists will not invest in Poland because they do not believe in the stability of the country. They are quite right. Poland is ethnographically and geographically unsound and its present frontiers cannot be permanent. Unless the Poles consent to abandon the territories in which the non-Polish inhabitants are in a majority, Poland is doomed. The French capitalists have no more faith in the future of the present Poland than have any other foreign capitalists. Not one sou will the cautious French bourgeois invest in Poland.

Indians Clubbed and Bayoneted

DETAILS of the clubbing and bayoneting of natives by British police and soldiers at Rawalpindi are given in copies of the *Nation* of Lahore, India, recently received. A committee of eight natives, appointed by the Sikh public of Rawalpindi, has reported on the affair as follows:

On the 29th of April the jail authorities at Campbellpore released about 460 Akali prisoners in pursuance of the Government communiqué. Some of them took the earliest train, but the rest, a few over 400, took the 12 down train leaving Campbellpore at about 8 p.m. on 29-4-23, intending to stay at Hassan Abdal en route in order to do pilgrimage at the sacred Gurdwara of Panja Sahib. The manager of the Gurdwara had arranged to receive them at the railway station and all the Akalis alighted there at about 10 p.m.

At Hassan Abdal the train stopped, it is alleged, a few bogies' lengths behind its proper place, due to some one having pulled up the alarm chain. The Akalis as well as other passengers got down and made their way to their destination without any attempt on the part of the railway staff to detect the culprit or to check the passengers from coming out. As a matter of fact no one outside the railway circle knew that the chain had been pulled up. The train was to stop there in any case. The Akalis therefore alighted from the train and went to the Gurdwara Panja Sahib in full belief that they would resume their journey on the tickets they held.

Some two hours after this a man from the railway staff in company with a sub-inspector of police went to the manager Gurdwara Panja Sahib, with a letter from the station master, saying that the Akalis had pulled up the chain and demanding that their tickets should be surrendered to him. Upon this the manager sent for the Jathedars, who denied having any knowledge of the pulling of the chain, but refused to surrender tickets as they had to resume their journey with them. Next afternoon they were again met by the inspector of police, who demanded their tickets again, and said that they could not travel with them; but as they still refused, he advised them to purchase fresh tickets to Rawalpindi, from beyond which station they could travel with the old ones. We have felt some difficulty in understanding why this advice was given because Rawalpindi is not over 100 miles from Campbellpore, and the railway rules which allowed haltage for every 100 miles could not have availed the Akalis at Rawalpindi. But we have good reasons to suppose that he simply wanted to get rid of the Akalis and to send them to Pindi where the authorities would be in a better position to handle them. The fact remains that the manager of the Gurdwara Panja Sahib purchased tickets for all the Akalis, and they took 18 down train which reached Rawalpindi at about 7:30 p.m.

Police on Hand

It appears that the railway authorities at Rawalpindi had been duly informed that the Akalis were coming by that train, and the D.T.S. with some ticket-checking staff and the police was already on the platform. Immediately on the arrival of the train the checking of the tickets was commenced. Some Akalis were removed from their compartments and some were taken to the inclosure. Upon this all the remaining Akalis left the train and sat on the platform. Bhai Attar Singh, vice-president of the Local Singh Sabha, who was present on the platform, then approached the D.T.S. and requested that the Akalis be permitted to resume their journey upon the Campbellpore tickets. The D.T.S. said that they had broken the journey within 100 miles and their tickets had become invalid. He further said that his information was that about 55 Akalis were without tickets from Hassan Abdal, for which they should pay the fare. Bhai Attar Singh wanted some time to find out and discuss the matter with Jathedar, and he requested that in order that he might be able to do so the men confined should be released, which was accordingly done.

Meanwhile food which the city people had brought for the Akalis was served out to them and they began to partake of it. Bhai Attar Singh could not again see the D.T.S., as by the time the Akalis had finished their meals the D.T.S. had already left to invoke the aid of the civil authorities. Here the Akalis remained for about an hour and a half, when at about 10 p.m. the D.T.S. appeared again with the deputy commissioner and the superintendent of police. On their arrival, demand for the fare was not repeated; on the other hand the police seemed to have taken orders to turn everybody out. First the vistors were turned out and some of them roughly handled; then the Akalis were searched one after the other, their tickets were taken, and they were pushed out. After some of them had been kicked like this the task was found tedious and hence all of the remaining Akalis were driven out in batches. The Akalis who came out of the platform first of all stopped near the motor stand to wait for their companions. The foot and the mounted police were already there. As the number of Akalis grew the police drove them further away. There is ample evidence to show that though the behavior of the Akalis while being thus driven was peaceful, force was used, and some of the Akalis were severely beaten. Upon this they thought that the authorities were determined to beat them and sat down by the roadside near the tonga stand. . . .

Orgy of Beating

At this stage some public-spirited gentlemen approached the S.P. and the G.C. and asked them to remove the police to some distance so that the Akalis might quietly move to the city. A gentleman went to the length of assuring the D.C. that if the police were taken some distance away and the Akalis allowed

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free passage, he would guarantee the quiet departure of the Akalis. No heed was paid to this, and shortly after indiscriminate beating was resorted to. The police made a free use of their batons and lathies. When some Akalis had been thus belabored, either the police got tired of beating or the authorities considered their manner inadequate. The police were called back and some platoons of the Gloucester Regiment (which had in the meanwhile arrived) were ordered to fix bayonets and charge. It appeared that the bayonets were soon unfixed and the assault maintained with butt-ends. There were Akalis who escaped injury; some of them were throttled with the sashes of their kirpans and kicked on the delicate parts of their bodies, as a result of which many became senseless. A large number of them were dragged by their sacred keshas and legs.

Thanks to the timely arrival of the local medical doctors the serious injuries were immediately attended to, though not without some risk of injury to them also, for the soldiers spared neither the Akalis nor the wounded, nor their attendants. But the sympathy of the public was wonderful, for immediately an Akali was belabored and laid flat he was carried on a chaupoy, if one was available, or on a cart (rera), if that was near at hand. Thus from amid the cruel blows of the infantry and the charge of the cavalry they were rescued and laid by the roadside near the Serai of Suratsingh or Dharamsala of B. Nathoo Mal, a ghastly sight no doubt, wounded and senseless lying in hundreds, at the dead of the night, only a short distance away from the scene of the tragedy. Here again they were not left to repose in calm, for the cavalry were soon upon them. . . .

428 Injured

The medical evidence shows that the total number of persons injured was 428, which presumably includes a certain number of relief workers as well. The following table will show the nature of the injuries received by them:

Fracture of ribs, 60; fracture of hyoid bone, 1 case; bayonet wounds, 13 cases; strangulation, 5 cases; pleurisy, 1 case; pulling of hair, 1 case; abrasions, 4 cases; contusions, 397 cases. Total, 428.

Out of these many persons remained senseless for several hours. The condition of two was such that not a drop of water could go down without artificial means being employed. Three persons had to be administered hypodermic injections to sustain the activity of their hearts.

It now remains to see how far the action of the Akalis on one hand and the government authorities on the other could be justified or condemned. We have made it clear that as far as the result of our inquiry goes all the Akalis who traveled from Panja Sahib to Rawalpindi were in possession of double tickets. So there was no question of their liability for having traveled without tickets or expired tickets. Whether the tickets that they held from Campbellpore to Amritsar could be availed of beyond Rawalpindi depends upon the interpretation of the railway rules. In our opinion the simple fact that the holders of these tickets broke journey at Hassan Abdal did not make their tickets invalid. Rule 48, Coach Traffic, N.W.R., says:

> Holders of local and through single-journey tickets for distances over 100 miles are allowed one day extra for every 100 miles or for the purpose of breaking their journey. The journey must, however, be commenced on the date for which the ticket is issued, and no break of journey is allowed at a station less than 100 miles from the point where the journey was commenced.

This means that the holder of a ticket for a distance of over 100 miles can break his journey after 100 miles. It does not say that if he breaks his journey within 100 miles he would not be able to use the same ticket after 100 miles. The only penalty that the rule seems to imply is that he would not be able to use that ticket for a distance up to the hundredth mile. Thus we are of opinion that if the railway authorities had insisted that the Akalis could travel up to a distance of 100 miles from Campbellpore only on purchasing fresh tickets from Rawalpindi up to the distance, they would have been justified in doing so, but what they seem to have believed and insisted upon was that the tickets held by Akalis from Campbellpore to Amritsar had become altogether useless. In this, we venture to say, they were wrong.

Moreover we find that the matter was still under consideration by some local gentlemen when the D.T.S. left the railway station apparently with a view to take some drastic action. Had a little patience and tact been exercised, all interpretation of railway rules apart, either the Akalis would have left the platform quietly or some one would have purchased fresh tickets for them. The behavior of the Akalis on the platform was quite peaceful. This is shown by the fact that the railway authorities had no difficulties in driving them out. Here also we believe that if left to themselves and not pressed over by the strong posse of mounted and foot police they would have left for the city immediately or soon after. We wish the authorities had exercised some discretion in handling persons who had just come out of jail and whose peaceful behavior had almost become proverbial; this they failed to do. Their pressure and over-anxiety had its effect. The Akalis did not move. The authorities' sense of prestige was further offended and, though they already had with them a sufficient number of the foot and mounted police and though there was not the least justifying need, they called in a contingent of the British infantry and the cavalry. The importunities of a few well-disposed gentlemen were ignored and an unfortunate and hasty decision to disperse them by force was arrived at. The use of force was quite unnecessary and absolutely uncalled for, and when it was used it was excessive and indiscriminate.

The Official Explanation

The official explanation of what happened at Rawalpindi is presented as follows in a Punjab government press communiqué, dated Lahore, May 3:

Two incidents have occurred of unlawful behavior on the part of recently released Akali prisoners at Rawalpindi.

About 170 prisoners were released from the Rawalpindi jail on the evening of the 28th of April. They were informed that they would not be allowed to march through cantonments to the railway station, but in spite of this warning they attempted to do so in military formation. The police accordingly had to use force to make them proceed by the road approved by the authorities. The police succeeded in their object without difficulty. A few of the Akalis were knocked down, but none were hurt.

The second incident was more serious. Four hundred and sixty Akalis were released from the Campbellpore jail on the 29th of April and were given tickets to Amritsar. At Hassan Abdal they pulled the communication cord, stopped the train, and broke their journey, thus rendering their tickets invalid, under the railway regulation, for the journey to Amritsar. They subsequently proceeded by a later train to Rawalpindi and were there detrained and required to give up their tickets. They were ordered to leave the railway station, but though they cleared off the platform they refused to leave its precincts, with the result that large crowds assembled and the whole of the station premises were blocked. The police attempted to disperse the Akalis by force, but they still refused to leave and eventually a company of British infantry with a force of cavalry had to be employed. These forces succeeded in clearing the Akalis away to a Dharmsala some 300 yards away from the station, where they were allowed to remain. The police and the military behaved with great restraint, using no force that was not thoroughly justified. No reliable estimate has been received of the number of the Akalis injured owing to their defiant attitude, but it is believed that very few have sustained serious injuries.

Attested.

Junior Assistant Secretary
to Government Punjab

Lahore, the 3rd of May, 1923

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